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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE February number of the *Valley Magazine* will be issued within the next few days. If you can appreciate bright and breezy literature, buy it. You will find it to your liking. For sale at all news stands.

THE SECRET OF "BEN HUR"

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

WHAT is the secret of the attraction of the play "Ben Hur?" No one, it seems, knows, exactly. It is hardly worth a thought as literature. As drama, its action is mechanical and its motive meretricious. Its piety is, upon the surface, rather pharisaical. Yet thousands flock to see the production. These thousands are not all of the class of the ignorami.

The secret must lie wholly in the circumstance that the play turns, though in remote fashion, upon a hint of the personality of Christ, in reverence be it said, the most dramatic figure in the most stupendous tragedy of history. Though Christ does not appear, the mere allusion to Him as related to the fortunes of the hero, and as a factor in the movement of the incidents, gives to those crudely conceived characters and situations a glamour that grips the heart and bewitches the imagination. It is not likely that the play, as we see it this week at the Olympic Theater, makes for a strengthening or a heightening of religious sentiment, as we usually understand religious sentiment, and yet, in some way, the show brings home to every one a rather stronger sense of the values of the personality of the founder of Christianity. The play does, somehow, disentangle an entity from a mythus. It gives, dimly it may be, but none the less truly, an impression of the impression that the Saviour must have made upon the people who were about Him, of the doubt developing into wonder, the wonder rising to rapt exaltation, the exaltation culminating in worship among the people who saw His daily walk and heard His gentle words and trembled before His miracles.

For those people who saw Him and the things He did were much the same as we who watch the mummers in "Ben Hur" these days. The Christ comes home to us in this play, it may be too theatrically even in the rather uncouth devices adopted to avoid making Him a visible figure in the drama. Cynic, unbeliever though you may be, you cannot escape the force of the personality of the Christ, even though it be but faintly projected in the movement of the play. A calcium light is an almost ridiculous invention for a *deus ex machina*; but you forget that, as you think what the face of the Saviour and the laying on of His hands must have meant to the lepers in the Vale of Hinnom. The love story, the note of adventure, the suggestion of "the grandeur that was Rome," the heroism and romanticism that marked Jewish character of old as it does to-day—all these things have, of course, their emotional appeal to the "Ben Hur" audiences, composed chiefly of persons of evangelical traditions and tendencies who rarely or never attend any other dramatic representations. They are the seed, let us hope, of culture and æstheticism in fields made bare and bleak by hyperascetic religiosity. They make theater-goers, or will, eventually, make theater goers of many who need the theater to develop and to purge and refine their emotions.

But the play has a greater value than is to be found in any conclusion as to its merely æsthetic results. It most assuredly does concentrate, for a worldly generation's observation, a semi-objective conception of the man who wrought the greatest change ever wrought by any one individual in the

history of the human race. No one leaves the play thinking of the high mechanics of the opening tableau, or the great illusion of the chariot race, or even the hymning hosannas of the palm-bearing hosts in Hinnom. The only thing one carries away is a sincerer sense of the reality of the Christ. Perhaps the play only awakens in one the conviction of Christianity that has, through some nineteen centuries, become almost as much of a deposit in our character, through heredity, as have our tendencies, good or bad. Whatever may be the exact definition of the impress of the play, there is no one susceptible to subtle influences who has seen it who will not say, even after he has smiled at the thing as an abortion of dramatic art, that the Saviour seems to have been brought a little nearer to him.

Some have thought and said that the play vulgarizes a sacred concept. To those some it may be true, but to others of us the question naturally arises: "How can it be, since Christ came directly to the vulgar and not to the elect or the cultured?" The Saviour's appeal in life was to the dramatic sense—else why the miracles, why the bloody sweat in the garden, why Golgotha? What is the Redemption, if not a great morality play? What is vulgar in suggesting the great, the divine drama, behind a common drama of ordinary human love, suffering, revenge, triumph? As for the writer of this article, like Paul, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and the Barbarians; to the wise and to the unwise," and there is, after calm reflection, nothing in "Ben Hur" that diminishes the sublimity of the life of Jesus of Nazareth or touches to the verge of bathos the unutterable pathos of his death, or takes from the tremendous pity of the thought that, looking upon the world to-day, the death and even the resurrection of the Man of Galilee, were as vain as all the vain things of the world proclaimed of Solomon. There it is—the tragedy of a God dying for the untold myriads who have rejected, are rejecting and will reject the grace designed to be bestowed in the sacrifice, for other myriads who, mistaking the meaning of that sacrifice, have made the world at times a hell in His sweet name. And over against all this, the moral of the book or the play, that, after all, in spite of all the spirit of the world, it is love and faith that alone can save!

Christ may have been a "dreamer of the Ghetto." Yet the dream He dreamed is, after all, the only true thing—an illusion that intimates an existent reality behind the veil of things. The play enforces this upon one, in spite of theories or ideals of art that its crudities so violently offend. The nearness of the characters and imaginary incidents of the drama to the benign influence that radiated from the Saviour is alone sufficient to invest those dramatic automata and their conventional maladjustments and readjustments with something of the glory of the light that never was on land or sea. This is not to say that the drama in question is great in any sense. It is simply to say that it serves to indicate that, in spite of all the alleged evidence that the world is drifting away from Christ, that civilization is still subject to the reproaches and denunciations that Paul launched against the Romans for their turning away from the natural uses, the Christ ideal is still near and dear to the many and has power within itself to save the race from its own corruptions. The universality of the appeal of "Ben Hur" to the masses of the peo-

ple, in a land and time, such as our own, given over, as many think, to the sordid and material and hedonistic, is evidence, at least to the present writer's understanding, that there is working under all modern cynicism and materialism and uncleanness a leaven that means a return, sooner or later, to the Christ motive of life.

The popularity of "Ben Hur," taken in conjunction with other things, such as the growth of so-called Christian Science, the widespread interest in such books as "In His Steps," the undeniable growth of socialist philanthropic ideas in literature and even in politics, hints that out of this muddled and morbid and, at times, mephitic present there will arise a movement such as the world has not seen since Christ's own day—a religious revival that will sweeten the world to its pristine savor, that will lift the world above its grosser appetites and its baser selfishness.

All this, I take it, is soon to come—but it will not stay. The revived dream will burn and glow in trancing beauty for awhile and men will be lifted by it to supreme heights of the joy of goodness. But the dream will dim and die again, and the world will sink back to its olden spiritual stupor, and "the remnant," still holding the ideal, will all but despair; but the world will not sink back so far; its recession will still leave it elevated far above the plane it occupies now. The process of perfection is slow and its way is through an infinity of despairs and disgusts—but the dream is still ahead and above the moilers in the mire of the flesh and "like a star beacons from the abodes where the Eternal are."

A dream—I said? It cannot be a dream. The Christ ideal is, and must be, essentially, sometime, somewhere, a reality, a truth attainable and perdurable and satisfying to future souls that are to be blessed even through the failure, the soilure, the bitterness of deception and defeat of the souls of us to-day who doubt and stumble and stray. If this be not the ultimate, there is, then, naught needed of any of us save "a tall tree, and courage, and a rope."

If "Ben Hur" and its popularity and its profitability as a business venture have any deeper meaning whatever, they must mean that the hearts and souls of the thousands attracted by the play are moved to almost unconscious, spontaneous protest against dominant conditions of life and conduct at variance with the purposes for which Christ lived, suffered, died and rose again from the dead. Christ remains the ideal hero of humanity in what seems to be the world's least idealistic, least heroic age.



REFLECTIONS

Blood Lust

COULD there be anything more boresome than this Venezuelan squabble, with its protracted wind-jamming? It should be about time for everybody to grow heartily tired of it. Nobody seems to know exactly what it is all about. Broadly considered, the whole affair is not worth a single charge of gunpowder, although it may loom big in the imagination of hysterical, addle-brained hackwriters and jingoes. The exercise of a little common sense, and less talk on the part of all concerned, should lead to a speedy and satisfactory settlement. There is as yet no reason to believe seriously that the allies have any sinister intentions, although they may be justly blamed for resorting to measures that are not quite in accord with the theories of ethical philosophers. The controversy has excited altogether too much irresponsible talk, laughable rhodomontade and lurid sensationalism of the most vulgar kind. It

is disgusting to see leading papers truckling to the brutal spirit of the *canaille*, and to give yard-long space to inane discussions of the comparative war strength of the countries involved and to a startling array of mobilizing orders from Washington. There is no need any longer to disguise the fact that the mob is in favor of war on "general principles," and it is nothing less than inhumanly indecent for prominent papers to foster and encourage the lust for gore. Editors would do vastly better in elaborating upon Sherman's pithy saying that "war is hell." The Venezuelan controversy abounds in dispiritingly eloquent evidence, that, in spite of many centuries of Christian civilization, the beast in man still survives and longs for the brother's blood. It is to be hoped that the National Administration will persist in its calm, dignified attitude, and not allow itself to be stampeded by the foolish mob spirit. It is civilized countries which are involved in these troubles, and this being the case, all of them should be, and no doubt are, amenable to reason. It will be time enough to talk of an appeal to arms, when it has been made clear that the allies intend to appropriate territory or openly to defy the scope and purposes of the Monroe Doctrine. In the meanwhile, let us bear in mind that hysteria is not patriotism by any means. The true patriot keeps calm to the last, and will fight only for a good cause.



Drop Negotiations

THE United States Government should not allow itself to be inveigled into new experiments with silver. If Mexico and China have found it difficult and expensive further to maintain the silver standard, it behooves them to abandon it and to get abreast of the times. The price of the metal is now at the lowest level in the world's history, and it is not at all certain that it will not go still lower. London financiers are very pessimistic regarding prospects for an improvement. It may be objected that they are identified with the monopolists who control the world's gold supply, and that it is to their interest to have the gold standard universally adopted, but the fact of the matter is that the modern interdependence of nations and radical changes in financial transactions steadily tend to reduce the necessity for the actual use of money. It is rather seldom that international balances are settled by shipments of metal, these days. And it is quite within the range of probabilities that both China and Mexico will, within a few years, themselves come to a recognition of the folly of longer clinging to a standard which has become highly unprofitable, and, to all intents and purposes, practically useless. The monetary future belongs to the gold standard, because it insures the most stability and the most certainty. Academically considered, the bimetallic standard may be the proper thing, but academical considerations do, unfortunately, count for little in this practical age. We have had it demonstrated to us, and in a manner that threatened to engulf the whole country in financial and commercial disasters of the worst kind, that the bimetallic standard is a delusion and an impracticability, and that it will always remain so, no matter whether the ratio is made 16 to 1, or 32 to 1, or 64 to 1. Mexico and China should not be encouraged in the pursuance of any plans looking towards a perpetuation of the silver standard. The best they can do, taking everything into consideration, is to adopt the single gold standard, and to relegate silver to the minor place which it is alone entitled to occupy. So far as currency legislation for the Philippine Islands is concerned, it would seem as though there also the time had arrived for radical legislation and for an unequiv-

ocal declaration for the single gold standard. Make-shifts always do more harm than good. Now that we know that the double standard is an impossibility, there is no further reason why we should continue to act in the rôle of Providence for backward countries.



A Poem

A CORRESPONDENT writes the editor of the MIRROR, asking "What is the most beautiful poem ever written to a woman?" At a venture, reply is made that this distinction belongs to "The Litany of the Blessed Virgin," a part of Roman Catholic ritual. It is not a poem, apparently, composed by one mind and hand, but an accretion of supplicatory apostrophes during many years.



The Ozone Process

SOME time ago, the Berlin Department of Hygiene made experiments with ozone as a purificator of water. The results of the experiments having been highly satisfactory, the Siemens & Halske Company has established a plant near that city, for the purpose of purifying the water of the river Spree and making it potable by the new process. The *Electrical Review*, in commenting on this important piece of news, asserts that the ozone kills both cholera and typhus bacteria which accumulate in the water. From a chemical standpoint, the water thus treated loses some of its oxidizability, and at the same time the quantity of free oxygen it contains is increased. As a result of this, the water is of a better quality than usual. The ozone which is dissolved in the water exerts no hurtful influence, as it is quickly transformed into oxygen. In view of this, large cities should be extremely conservative in the establishment of filtration plants of an experimental and expensive character. Prevailing systems may be rendered utterly obsolete within a few years. That they are crude and more or less impracticable has already been demonstrated. Science will yet solve the problem of effective purification of drinking water in a manner radically different from that involved in sand filtration and coagulation.



Mr. Cleveland

THERE is sporadic talk of Mr. Cleveland as a possible Democratic nominee for President. It is futile. The people are set in their opposition to a third term for any man for President. Again, Mr. Cleveland is too old. The country respects and admires Mr. Cleveland, but it will have none of him as a Presidential candidate.



Political Instability

THE late M. Blowitz was an acute observer of things. As Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, he came into contact with many political, financial and literary notabilities of France, as well as of other countries. While he was, at times, inclined to be hyperbolic in his views, no one ever accused him of being superficial in observation or deficient and hasty in judgment. In fact, no press representative ever wrote for a more distinguished or more attentive circle of readers than did M. Blowitz. At heart, the versatile Frenchman of Austrian origin was a strong believer in a Republican form of government. He worked earnestly and diligently for the present Republic, and was several times elected a member of Parliament. But, his enthusiasm did at no time becloud his mental vision. While he sedulously supported the Republic, personal and keen observation taught him that the masses of the French people are not much interested in politics, and that they do not

care a, rap who is at the head of the National Administration, as long as they are permitted to follow the even tenor of their way and to accumulate their savings. The industrious, thrifty working people have only a platonic love for the Republic. They seem to be imbued with the idea that it is not statesmen, but politicians who conduct governmental affairs, and that politics is for politicians exclusively. Shortly before his death, M. Blowitz voiced the opinion that the Republic will not be able to stand for a moment against the first strong man that may arise, and that the better classes of the French people are heartily tired of the prevailing régime of political acrobats. Whether this opinion of the astute and experienced observer was well-based, time alone can tell. It is worth mentioning, however, that some of the leading French papers frequently contain articles contributed by well-known publicists which make it sufficiently clear that the unexpected is still within the range of probabilities in France, and that M. Blowitz did not make too heavy a draft on his imagination when he made his pessimistic utterances in relation to the stability of the Republic.



Our Police

THE St. Louis newspapers are ever ready to find fault with the St. Louis police force, but not so ready to give that body of men credit for good service. Yet the manner in which Chief Kiely and his subordinates handled the Steelville bank robbery case was eminently intelligent and successful. The St. Louis police did their work of recovering money and capturing criminals in a way that thoroughly eclipsed the performances of the world-famous Pinkerton operatives in the Union bank robbery case. There is more in our police department to be proud of than to be ashamed of, and there is not a better producer of good results in the protection of a community holding the office of chief of police in this country than Col. Matthew Kiely.



Commodity Prices

MAY commodity prices be expected ever again to recede from their present high level? This is the question lately raised by the *Shoe and Leather Gazette*. Most thinking persons are disposed to reply affirmatively. They are sure that prevailing quotations are too high to last, and that a reaction will be seen in due course of time. Whether that reaction will be very severe, or whether it will carry prices to an unprecedentedly low level, cannot be decided off-hand. There is ground to believe, however, that continued development of mechanical production, and the multiplication of labor-saving devices tend to make the theory that the value of commodities is slowly creeping upwards decidedly untenable. If, as many authorities declare, the value of money is steadily falling, it would seem rather unreasonable to believe in a permanently rising tendency in the prices of commodities.



No Need to Worry

THE other day, a Woman's Club, somewhere in Wisconsin, was wildly agitated by a discussion of the profound problem whether the women of to-day are an improvement on their foremothers. What queer things women are discussing nowadays! Why should she worry her pretty head over things of this kind? Her own lovable uncommon sense should tell her that she never retrogresses; that she is always progressing and improving, no matter what coarse-natured man may be doing. It is woman that constantly lifts up the human race; that enthrones ideals; that awakens

and refines our sense of beauty and grace. The woman of to-day must be admitted to be prettier, healthier, brighter and better than all her foremothers were. She is modern man's most ideal and most ennobling ideal, the same that her grandmother was to her grandfather. Let our perturbed and hypersensitive sisters remain serene, and shun all troublesome thought that might put wrinkles on their smooth, white foreheads. For their charms are multiplying visibly, in season and out of season, and adoring man will not cease to worship her, and to bask in the sunshine of her bright eyes and her piquant smile as long as masculinity vibrates through his nerves and muscles.



A World's Fair Mistake

THE World's Fair management's maltreatment of applicants for concessions is injuring the project. The applicants have been kept "hung up" and in doubt for nearly a year and a half, until they are disheartened and disgusted. The concession seekers should be told how they stand very soon. They will be a great factor in the Fair's success, being "boosters" of necessity, and they should be sent abroad that they may arrange their exhibits and "bark" for the show as a whole, and their own particular parts thereof. These gentry have been scurvily treated by the Fair moguls thus far. 'Tis time to stop it.



1902 IN LITERATURE

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

THE future literary historian will not, it is to be feared, write *annus mirabilis* against the year of grace 1902. Not indeed that the past twelve months have been marked by a dearth of literary production. On the contrary, it may be hazarded (without waiting for the statistics) that no year since the good Caliph Omar has ever been more blessed in the number of its printed books. And if we may trust the publishers' announcements, few years have been so remarkable as to the quality of the works produced. However, it is dimly felt that something more vital than the confidence of publishers must go to the making of literature. It is unfortunately a condition of the publishing trade, that books must be issued, whether good or bad; and it is a solid advantage of the publishing trade, as at present organized, that books, whether bad or good, have a certain definite and assured sale.

It is easy enough to sum up negatively the literary record of the past year. The great poet for whom the world always waits has not disclosed himself, and no new literary star of the first, or perhaps even the second magnitude, has swum within our ken. The time—not to say, the age—is barren of great poetry; barren, also, the critics will contend, of the high motives and spiritual causes through which alone great poetry gets to be written. Though there may be minor singers who would fain console us, we have of a truth fallen on evil days. Mr. Swinburne lives chiefly upon the glory of his youth and diverts, perhaps exacerbates, his old age with some rather puerile polemics—so often the resource of those in whom the true creative faculty has ceased. Mr. Kipling, who once threatened—promised were too mild a word—to become a poet of world-dimensions, with the close of the African war, "threw his blood-stained lyre in thunder down," and has latterly turned his hand to the writing of prose fables for the very young. This is better than being the laureate of "Hooliganism"—as one may say with a feeling remembrance of the late Robert Buchanan—but there is little need to point out that it is not fulfilling the promise (or threat) of

Mr. Kipling's vigorous prime. Of his very latest poem—which is rather a political manifesto—one can only say that, though it has had the calculated effect of fomenting international bitterness, it has added nothing to his literary reputation.

Mr. Stephen Phillips is a poet of epic pretensions and has come to be regarded in certain cis-Atlantic quarters as the "head of all the tuneful choir"—a distinction that is less freely accorded him in England. Excellent as his verse is, however, it cannot surely be affirmed of him, as Gautier said of Heine, that "few poets have disturbed us so much." In truth, the chief defect of most recent poetry, as of most recent prose, is that it fails to disturb us at all.

Literary conditions in England and America are at least sympathetic, if not fully analogous; so the domestic critic will choose the lesser evil by discreetly waiving the question of American poetry. Happily for his conscience, he can afford to say good things of American prose and better things of the generously uncritical American public which in the most substantial way rewards the efforts of its native authors. A considerable number of these are now accepted throughout the English-reading world. In fiction, at least, we may claim to have rather bettered the recent performance of our English cousins—that is to say, bettered it as to quality: in the respect of quantity we hold, of course, our accustomed advantage. But the gain from statistics to aesthetics will not easily be denied us, and it is significant of a new American attack upon the traditions of English supremacy. Perhaps the new British sentiment of friendship for this country may be proof against this latest and most ticklish advance of Yankee enterprise. From this optimistic hope the *London Saturday Review* is, of course, excluded.

So large has been the number of successful books published in this country within the past year that I shall not be expected to make a detailed mention of them here. However, even in the most casual notice, it is not permitted to overlook books of such undoubted literary value and importance as Dr. Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years"—a splendid testament from the still unflagging hand which wrote "The Man Without a Country"—and John Fiske's "Essays, Historical and Literary," a work which contains some of the best fruit of that noble and truly philosophic mind. To these should be joined a thoughtful volume of criticism by John Burroughs. Among the best recent examples of American fiction, I may note "The Virginian," by Owen Wister, a vigorous story of the West; "Oliver Horn," a characteristic novel of personal experience by F. Hopkinson Smith; "Confessions of a Wife," by Mary Adams, showing literary power, but too heightened and neurotic; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a story of genuine humor. We may also claim, as the work of a native author, though the *locale* of the story is Italian, Mr. Marion Crawford's "Cecilia," a love tale of psychologic motive, not lacking human interest. The American romanticists have not been idle, as many whirling editions testify, but space fails for the chronicle of their successes.

"Mr. Dooley's" latest book is fully up to the level of its predecessors, and that means the strongest humorous writing which our day has seen. Of course, the *furore* over the philosopher of Archey Road has somewhat subsided, now that he has become the chief staple of our humorous entertainment. But it is to be noted that he has thus far escaped the too common fate of popular writers—the usual hordes of imitators have been able to make nothing of him. "Mr. Dooley" keeps the seed to himself and remains inimitable.

Looking further abroad, the death of Zola has re-

moved the greatest figure in recent French fiction, and there is none to claim his mantle. Tolstoi is now wholly given over to his own social and religious propaganda. D'Annunzio is progressively decadent as to his "moralities," with no apparent diminution of literary force. Maeterlinck seems in his latest drama to have copied the usual *motif* of his Italian contemporary, and with such success that even the French censors fell foul of him. Nothing uncommonly mephitic has lately proceeded from the Russian Gorky. Ibsen's advanced age precludes the expectation of any new and important work from him.

Cursory as the foregoing review is, it seems to justify the conclusion that the year 1902 produced little, if any, great literature. Perhaps literature is relatively less important as time goes on. The spirit of the age is material, scientific. More and more the problems of physical nature are pressing for solution, to the depreciation of the æsthetic arts. Signor Marconi's miracle of applied science easily outweighs the literary performance of the past year.



A BROOMSTICK BILL

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

A WAVE of interest in things matrimonial seems to be sweeping over the Missouri State Legislature; first, Colonel Crisp proposes to solve all the knotty problems of matrimonial infelicity by coming as near as possible to the abolition of divorce, and now a Mr. Smith, of St. Louis, wishes to immortalize himself by qualifying ten thousand Notaries Public to perform the marriage ceremony.

What is the matter with jumping the broomstick? If men and women are cutting out of their life schemes all pretenses toward the ideal, if we are growing so commonplace and prosaic that it means nothing but expediency to any of us to join hands for weal or woe with another, why waste time, even a minute of time, over the so-called "ceremony." A notice inserted in the "Want Ad" page, in the "Personal" column, would concisely and cheaply announce to the world at large that a man and woman had stepped with neatness and dispatch over a broomstick and in future Mrs. So-and-so, neé Miss What-you-may-call-her, would be at home at Number One A, Tip-Top Flats.

There would be just about as much solemnity in this procedure, just about as much sentiment and equally as great an amount of good form as in the notary public scheme. Marriage would be honored equally as much and the parties—"incriminated" I was about to say—participating would be as soulfully elevated. If we want to make a Mother Goose opera bouffé performance out of what our misguided mothers and fathers considered the holiest sacrament of existence, let us not stop at any pretense of ceremony; let us gaily snatch a moment from "every cumbering care," jump the broomstick, chanting,

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,

When a man marries, his trouble begins,"

and then go back to our knitting and write "Mrs." before our new name, if we happen to be a woman.

By all means, however, let the notary bill go through. Make marriage easy, so that any old reprobate of sixty can lead an infant of fourteen to the nearest callow youth or simpering young woman who has been duly qualified as notary and have the few words said that will not consecrate but desecrate the alleged holy alliance. Let the bill go through; how are we to keep up the record of the divorce mill if we put a few restrictions in the way of marriage? Merrily, merrily, let it grind. And if the ten thousand cannot satisfy the demand for cheap and speedy cere-

monies, let Mr. Jones, of some of the back counties, introduce a broomstick bill; that will fill this crying need.

And then—let us abolish the Portuguese sonnets and expurgate all allusion to married love in our literature and let us incarcerate in an asylum the ones who cling to some old traditions in which they fancy they see "beyond the sunset's purple rim" a "new world which is the old"—the Holy Land of wedded souls.



A HAUPTMANN IDYL

BY HAROLD D. MEISTER.

G ERHART Hauptmann's new dramatic production, "Der Arme Heinrich" (Poor Henry), is considered a great success. It has aroused immense enthusiasm in Berlin. Some of the leading German critics believe that it is far above anything that has been written for the stage by living dramatic playwrights. They declare that it demonstrates plainly that Hauptmann's art is still in the ascendant, that it has not as yet reached its apogee of form and force. Sometime ago, a writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, one of the most influential and authoritative German papers in the world, ventured the opinion that Hauptmann must be held to have proved a disappointment to his admirers, and that he had already his future behind him. This opinion appeared to be shared by many others high in European literary circles. It is, therefore, no wonder that the instantaneous success of "Der Arme Heinrich" came as a great surprise and revelation to the growing ranks of skeptics.

Hauptmann's latest work is based upon an epic poem of mediæval times. The central figure of it is a powerful, ambitious and sensual feudal lord, *Heinrich von Aue*, whose character is drawn in a masterful way, and whose spiritual metamorphosis is brought about in a manner that is, in some respects, reminiscent of that which racked the soul of *Tannhäuser*. *Heinrich* spent his youth in the Black Forest, where he pursued the exciting pleasures of hunting, fishing and wassailing, like so many others of his class and age. One of his most faithful tenants was *Gottfried*, whom he deeply respected, and to whose advice he never failed to listen. *Gottfried* is a pious old man, living a charmingly simple and ideal life with his only daughter, *Ottegebe*, whose companionship young *Heinrich* constantly sought and enjoyed. Many a time the young lord would take her with him on his hunting expeditions and pet and address her as "his little wife."

The alluring honors of war had interrupted this idyllic life in the Black Forest. Stormy times of valiant, daring deeds and strange adventures had intervened. Religious frenzy vented itself in crusades against the hordes of Saracens. Emperor Frederick II, that philosophical Maecenas of the House of Hohenstauffen, had established his court in his favorite city of Palermo, where he lived in truly Oriental splendor, and surrounded himself with a glorious assemblage of poets, painters, soldiers, singers and philosophers.

His worldly, progressive ideas have thrown Frederick into conflict with Pope Innocent. The former is strongly supported by his German princes and lords. *Heinrich von Aue* arrives at the height of the troubles, and enthusiastically espouses the side of his Emperor. For this he and many others incur the resentment of the warlike Pope, who promptly punishes by pronouncing the ban against them all. *Heinrich* is reckless, however. He gives a fig for the Pope and his ban; he takes a stirring part in a crusade against the Saracens, and, after his return from the Orient, joins the

Emperor's court at Palermo. There his sensual nature vents itself in all kinds of excesses. Life in the Orient and a close study of the precepts laid down in the Koran have accentuated his craving for fleshly joys, and in the gay, gorgeous city of Palermo he finds only too many opportunities to follow the instincts of his sinful nature.

At last, and as a natural sequence, comes the awakening, the remorse, the dawn of the *Vita Nuova*. Disquietude and an oppressive melancholy seize upon *Heinrich's* soul. The lustful, enticing body of *Venus* has crumbled into dust before the dreaming, introspective gaze of his spiritual eye. Unable longer to remain at the imperial court, he returns home, to the scenes of his youth. But he is no longer what he was when he left, seven years ago. He has been terribly punished for his life of sensuality. The taint of leprosy is in his blood. Anxiously he strives to conceal the terrible secret. He seeks the solitude of the forests; he shuns society. But the people have their suspicions aroused. In some mysterious way, the impression has gone abroad that *Heinrich* is a leper, one marked by God for having dared to oppose the interests of the Pope.

Heinrich has not forgotten *Ottegebe*, who has since grown into pure, beautiful womanhood, and is steeped in a life of visionary ideals and devout exaltation. Her best friend is *Father Benedict*, whom she often visits in his hermitage in the forest. *Father Benedict*, although an old, world-weary and ascetic monk, has conceived a deep, pure affection for the young girl, whose spiritual longings are akin to his own, and he voices the infinite joy which her visits give him in the following beautiful words:

"Kommt sie, wird meine dumpfe Klausur helle,
Mein enges Waldkapellchen weit und gross,
Der Heiland atmet und Maria lacht,
Und ich, von meiner Sünden Ueberlast
Sonst fast erdrueckt, kann mich vom Boden heben,
Und Gott, entsuehnt, ins guetige Antlitz sehn."

Ottegebe is powerfully influenced by the hermit monk. His teachings in reference to the mystery of Christian atonement and purposes have taken a deep hold upon her mind. She implicitly believes that leprosy, then so prevalent in European countries, must be considered a sign that God is angry and punishing offenders. When *Heinrich's* awful affliction is revealed to her, she resolves at once to appease Divine wrath by offering herself as a sacrifice.

Hauptmann makes it clear from the very outset of the drama that *Ottegebe* is in love with *Heinrich*. Various incidents of suggestive simplicity betray it to us. But she has not yet realized the true condition of her heart, or the true nature of the feeling which makes her long for *Heinrich's* companionship. Religiosity, spiritual idealism are still uppermost. However, *Heinrich* and *Ottegebe* are steadily drawn together. Ethereal spirituality is gradually being metamorphosed into human, earthly love.

No longer able to conceal the truth, *Heinrich* finally makes full confession and admits that leprosy is slowly eating the life out of him. The people desert him, and, like a stricken beast of the forest, he hides himself in mountain fastnesses. The imprecations of the fanatical people ring in his ears. The realization is forced upon him that death means deliverance, and that life is, after all, nothing but a prison where poor humanity has to undergo trial and torture.

When old *Gottfried* appears before him with the information that *Ottegebe* has determined to complete the work of redemption by courting death at the hand of the physician at Salerno, *Heinrich* flies into a towering rage. Wildly he denounces *Ottegebe's* determination as the outgrowth of useless folly, and when she herself approaches him in the solitude of the forests, he hurls stones and curses at her. He will not have

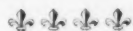
any such preposterous sacrifice. And then dejection and despair overpower him, and he busies himself with digging his own grave.

But there are times again when he drags himself into the neighborhood of *Gottfried's* house, in the hope of seeing *Ottegebe* from afar. Then he crawls through the thickets and underbrush, like a death-stricken animal, and takes solace in the gloomy thought that somebody is willing to sacrifice herself for his sake. *Heinrich* is growing weaker; his disease is fastening its fangs upon his system. When he drags himself for the last time through the forest, in search of *Ottegebe*, he suddenly sinks to the ground, faint and exhausted. And the anxious girl is at his side, beside herself with rapturous love, and presses a fervent kiss upon his eyes.

The last act is full of stirring, gripping incidents. *Heinrich* has returned to his castle with *Ottegebe* at his side. He feels himself freed from the promptings of sin and again sound and vigorous in health. He had reluctantly consented to *Ottegebe's* offering her life in atonement for his unholy past, but the self-sacrifice had been prevented. Both at last realize the wondrous depth of their love for each other. After some religious doubts and misgivings, *Ottegebe* consents to become *Heinrich's* wife. Yielding to the impulses of her passion, she throws her arms around his neck and whispers the sweet words:

"Henry! Mine shall still be the joyful death."

From the above sketch it will be seen that "Der Arme Heinrich" is a drama of deep spiritual import. There are features of affinity between it and "Die Versunkene Glocke," but it much excels the latter in force of dramatic action and in the portrayal of the world-old struggle between good and evil, between lust and love, between the essentially spiritual that is in woman and the essentially earthly that is in man.



THE JUVENILE COURT

BY JAMES L. BLAIR.

MR. CHARLES E. L. THOMAS, in last week's *MIRROR*, criticises the proposed law for the regulation of Dependent, Neglected and Delinquent Children, now under consideration by the Bar Association, in a manner to indicate some misapprehension, not only of the bill itself, but of the theory upon which it is founded. The criticism is animated by so kindly a spirit that, though not profound, it is valuable, as tending to evoke interest and give opportunity for full discussion and a vindication of the merits of the measure.

At the outset, the writer points out an alleged "structural defect" in the bill—to-wit: that it "proceeds upon the theory that in this State charitable and eleemosynary organizations are chartered by the Secretary of State." Such is not the fact. In Section 16 of the bill it is provided that no association for the care of children of the kind described in the bill, shall be chartered unless its proposed articles of incorporation shall have been first submitted to the State Board of Charities, and that the Secretary of State shall not issue a certificate of incorporation without the approval of said Board. Neither in this nor elsewhere in the bill is there to be found any suggestion that the law requiring such association to be chartered by the Circuit Court has been or is to be changed. The provision merely prescribes a condition precedent before the Court can, in such cases, assume jurisdiction to enter its *pro forma* decree.

Whether or not it is competent for the Legislature to do this, is not now under discussion. But it would seem that the State may with propriety require that one of its administrative instrumentalities, the

State Board of Charities, shall first ascertain whether or not persons desiring to take charge of certain wards of the State are fit for that responsibility, before they are given the corporate powers they seek.

But it is the merits, not the form, which are to be considered.

The critic enumerates the classes of children over which the Court is to have jurisdiction and takes exception only to the inclusion of three of these, viz: first, those "who have not the proper parental care or guardianship"; second, those "whose home, by reason of neglect, cruelty or depravity on the part of their parents or guardians or other person in whose care the child may be, is an unfit place for such child," and third, "children, under the age of ten years, found peddling or selling any article, or singing or playing any musical instrument upon a street."

The first objection leveled against the classification is the difficulty in determining what is "proper parental care." It seems to be assumed that this is too delicate and dangerous a problem to be entrusted to any Judge or Jury, however discreet. But it is not perceived why a Judge may not as safely decide in the case of a child, having two criminal parents, that neither is capable of giving proper parental care, as to pass upon the question as to which of two divorced parents is the better fitted for the care of their common offspring. There will, of course, be cases where there is doubt. But "proper parental care" is not a thing of mystery. There are certain well-established principles, common to all cases, known of all men, and not, save in rare instances, difficult of application. The term is certainly no more vague nor inscrutable than "reasonable care," "reasonable diligence," which are in such general use in the law, nor that provision of the statute which allows divorces on the ground that one of the parties "shall offer such indignities to the other as shall render his or her condition intolerable." It is quite as easy to define "proper parental care" of a child as an "intolerable condition" of a husband and wife. They are simply facts to be determined upon the evidence in each case, and if there be conflicting evidence, why is not a jury as competent to solve the problem as it is to pass upon the sanity of an individual or the guilt of one accused of murder? If the Courts are to have the power to dissolve the marriage contract between husband and wife, is there anything more sacred in the relation of parent and child than in those between the parents themselves? The Probate Courts have for years exercised the unquestioned right to appoint persons, other than parents, as curators of the estates of children, and also as guardians of their persons. And for nearly thirty years, the Mayor of St. Louis has by statute been empowered to take a child from its parents and commit it to the House of Refuge when it is found "in a state of want or abandoned, or improperly exposed or grossly neglected by its parents or persons having its charge." And this "upon complaint and competent proofs of the facts charged" (Sec. 3, Art. 31, R. S., 1899, Vol. 2, p. 2554). This Act was passed in 1873 and every Mayor of the city has constantly exercised the power, and yet the "palladium of our liberties" still stands unshaken.

It would seem, therefore, that the measure is not, after all, so dangerous a precedent in this respect, and, though the critic does not further particularize, it may be said that the other cases referred to, when the child's home is, for the reasons assigned, "an unfit place for such child," and where children under ten years of age are peddling upon the street, are to be considered in the same category. All of these definitions relate to certain social conditions which are enumerated for the purpose of giving the Court jurisdiction to try the questions upon the facts of each case.

The Courts are the final arbiters of all controversies affecting life and property between all citizens of the State. Is it possible they are not competent to determine a controversy between the State and one citizen, as to whether a child's social status and environment are or are not a menace to the child itself and to the community at large? Are not the Courts charged exclusively with the administration of justice, and can they not administer justice between parent and child as well as between other citizens? Do they not now compel the parent to support the child and enforce the parent's right to the child's services? And does not the law in some States even impose compulsory education upon the child against the will of the parent?

These are merely some illustrations of the exercise by the State of its parental power, a power so long and so well recognized as to admit of no doubt either as to its existence or its value. The wardship of the State over all minors is an incident of government as old as civilization, and, like all established principles of law, it adjusts itself in the progress of mankind to new conditions. The principle does not change, but, in the evolution of society, expands its application to meet new social problems in order that it may effect its primary purpose, the protection of society from whatever menace, whether it consist in the punishment and restraint of actual criminals or in the rescue of children from a criminal career. This jurisdiction is one which has been for centuries one of the most cherished prerogatives of the Lord Chancellor of England, and even in this country, where it has now been established by statute in some form in eleven different States, it is a jurisdiction which has from the beginning been actually exercised by the Judges of every criminal court in the land, with the tacit consent of the people. For I venture to say that there has never been a Judge, worthy of the name, who has not in the case of juvenile culprits "stretched the law" so far as he could to temper the penalty in case of the commission of crime, and to exercise the parental privilege of lecturing and paroling on good behavior or committing to some proper institution (as the facts of the case might require) children whose social environment was criminal or debased.

Mr. Thomas seems to rest his case upon the proposition that it is beyond the intent of our Constitution to assume jurisdiction of family affairs, so as to pass upon the question of "proper parental care" in the absence of any criminal element in the case. But he answers his own objection by conceding the propriety of it in the matter of awarding custody of children in divorce proceedings and in admitting that the State is justified in assuming "the purely individualistic burdens of parenthood and guardianship" in cases where such assumption is "absolutely essential to good order and the peace of the body politic." So then we are perfectly agreed, because it must be clear that it is as essential to good order and peace to prevent crime as to punish it, for there can be no manner of doubt that the exercise of this jurisdiction does accomplish marvelous results, both in the prevention of criminal offenses and in the education and elevation into good citizens of thousands who would else have been criminals.

As a practical illustration of this it is only necessary to cite the fact that in Chicago during the year preceding the enactment of the juvenile law, there were confined in the jails more than eight thousand children under sixteen years of age; while during the first year of the operation of the Court these same jails contained less than sixteen hundred, and during its third year less than four hundred.

It is then, after all, simply a question as to whether the measure tends to conserve the public safety; if so,

THE PURPOSE OF ART

BY JAMES FOSTER BROWN.

the jurisdiction would be assumed as of course, though it were entirely a new matter, even were it not impregnably entrenched as it is in both principle and reason.

What is said about the method of procedure is rather unfair in statement and weak in illustration; the expressions as to bad results to follow from "tenement house jealousies and retaliations" being of a tone inconsistent with the dignity of the rest of the article. It is enough to say on this point that the provisions of the bill as to process to acquire jurisdiction are by information, under oath, just as in all minor criminal cases, with power in the Court, in the bill as now amended, to assess all costs against the informant if the charges be unfounded.

The writer of this is quite as devoted to the theory of individualism in government, quite as opposed to paternalism as the critic. But this measure is not only based upon paternalism, but upon the purest principles of republicanism; to-wit, those which impose upon the State the duty to protect the community from every danger, whether it be in war or in peace; against ignorance, by public education of the mind; against vice and disease, by criminal statutes; against individual members of the community as well as against foreign foes; and to this end it may hang the murderer, imprison the insane and the vagrant, invade the home to punish the wifebeater or abate the nuisance, place any person under bond to keep the peace and take such measures as will prevent the child without "proper parental care," as well as the vagrant, "without visible means of support," from being an inchoate criminal, a menace to social order.

If it is "subversive of the end of free government" for the State to stand *in loco parentis* to a child whom a Judge and Jury of American citizens have found upon their oaths to be "without proper parental care"—that is to say, without the kind of care and tutelage which is instinctive with every good man and woman, the kind that needs no other definition than is to be found in every honest heart—then the privacy of the home is superior to the safety of the State.



HERCULES TO OMPHALE

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD.

THEY laugh at me when at thy feet,
Thy fragile distaff in my hand,
I listen to thy soft command,
And ply thy woman's trade—oh, sweet!
Poor fools!—they do not understand
That love alone makes life complete!

They sneer because the lion's dress
Across thy marble shoulder lies,
And that thy hand strays in surprise
Upon my war-club's heaviness.
They laugh and cry: "Ambition dies
In wanton days of idleness!"

They do not guess the keener bliss,
Thy spoil and creature thus to be.
The distaff, with its wool, they see,
But not the hand that gave me this;
They see the conquered soul of me,
But know not thy consuming kiss.

Then let them laugh, revile and blame—
Omphale, bend a little near,
If I but feel thy presence, dear,
I am more happy in my shame
Than when, with clarion sounding clear,
They call me in the House of Fame!

February Smart Set.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, some years ago, launched a book on art that still remains the topic of a fiercely raging discussion in European literary centers. Commenting upon this book, a writer in the London *Academy* opines that, for Tolstoi, groping after the larger synthesis of the soul, an analysis of art which should fit in with the actuality of human companionship, and the actuality of a profound instinct toward right, is absolutely necessary. The results arrived at in the bizarre Russian's work on art are in close harmony with those which characterize the books "written in his former style," of which "Anna Karenina" is perhaps the most significant. In each case, Tolstoi expresses the idea that the artistic goal is to be reached by humility and simplicity. But what the ordinary man can accomplish only by sharing the peasant's close contact with the earth, the artist accomplishes by reason of his "moral infection." In either case, the common brotherhood of man is insisted upon, and the universality of art, as a means to its production, follows as a natural consequence.

To the Anglo-Saxon generally, that is, to a people profoundly distrustful of art as a means to salvation, this view is only partially acceptable. They prefer to stand or fall by the objectivity of the moral sense, but the note of Terence is for the most part alien to their nature. With the Russian, on the other hand, the impulse toward self-sacrifice seems to be often almost a physical necessity, and to him there is nothing incongruous in the surrender of the personal and the exclusive.

Such an enthusiast as Tolstoi will accept, in a moment of such surrender, the union of "men with God, and with one another." He will accept the statement that "art, all art, has this characteristic—that it unites people." He will admit that "only two kinds of feeling do unite all men: first, feelings flowing from the perception of our sonship to God and of the brotherhood of man, and, next, the simple feelings of common life." And so Sophocles and Beethoven give place to the writer of a village tale, and the singer of a moujik's song. The spirit of sacrifice has been enlarged. It has been carried from life to art. What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Tolstoi's leading theory is that the moral sense alone determines man's development, and that degeneration begins with its weakening and reaches its climax in its total loss. Art has its *raison d'être* in the infusion of moral purpose into one's fellow-beings. To the artist the magic touch that is so difficult comes easily; to him it is permitted not only to feel the right, but to make others share it. For him it is to illumine the nobler and simpler impulses of the soul, the impulses toward reverence and kindness. To him, also, it is granted to lead men to God through beauty, but through beauty interpreted in a larger sense than that limited to the symmetry of the body.

The true, noble artist will stamp upon the furrowed brow of to-day some far-off, haunting reflection of the halo of the crucifix on Golgotha, and will throw into the simple story of common life something of the universal kinship of sorrow. He may be desirous that his work shall live after him, but he will be conscious always of the utter littleness of the personal comment. He will feel that that moment is his best in which he expresses the suggestion of immortality, the moment in which he comes nearest to making his fellow creatures appeal to the sense of righteousness within them. That is his motive, that is his inspiration—to

suggest the Divine Goodness through the symbol of art.

"*La Bontà! La Bontà!*" comes scornfully the Pagan challenge: "Do you, then, believe that the light must come to me from the good rather than from that profound instinct which turns and precipitates my spirit towards the most superb apparitions of life?" The energy of art has its origin in the denial of death. It does not seek the remote triumph of piercing the barrier of mysticism and entering upon a newer and nobler spiritual existence. Its claim is ever the here and now of the actual and the real. Whenever and wherever art served the mysteries of religion, so this apologist will urge, she faded and drooped. Faded and drooped, whether she produced the dark, brooding idols of Egypt or the starved limbs of mediæval saints. Only when she has been true to the instinct of survival, has she created what is nearest to immortality.

Again, to those who would deny to art beauty as an essential ingredient, the answer will be equally unequivocal.

One does not wish to preserve that which is already conquered by time. One does not wish to render immortal that which contains within it already the commencement of death. Why should we leave after us the wrinkled forehead, the dulled glance, the arid, weary lines of thought, all the pain of memory which binds us to the past, all the impotence of reflection with which the future mocks us? No, no! Preserve the supreme moments of endurance, the moments of Phryne unveiling her beauty before Athens and of the Discobolus casting across the chasm of time the radiance of his strong, glad youth. And because beauty is the token of the unconscious and harmonious endurance of life, it is for the artist to infuse into his art, before all other things, that which makes not for righteousness, but for beauty. It is his duty to present the symbols of effortless life, not to solace beings stricken by an ancient sorrow or cowed by an approaching doom.

Art becomes national when it expresses the egotism of the race, universal when it interprets the goal of man's will. But the artist himself must have, before all other men, the arrogant certitude of being, and the courageous wish to project something of that being into the future. That is what life meant for him; that is his comment; let the gods play with him as they will; this much he has placed outside of the narrow circle of the years.

The petty verbose declamations of approval or dissent must fall alike faint and feeble upon the ears of this dying lion of the North. But it is one of the larger ironies of life that Gorki, who is already heralded as his undisputed successor, has in his veins the very essence of this newer, fiercer Nietzscheism. It is the eternal antithesis between two half-seen phases of the great Truth which is veiled to all. On the one side, the strenuous latter-day Titan shuts out from consciousness the mystery of being, before which the individual entity is as nothing. On the other, Tolstoi, the seer, supremely conscious of the relativity of all human energy, forgets, in the presence of the great silence, the hot, passionate promptings of the human heart. "Ah," in the words of Merejowski, "if thou canst make one the truth of the Titan and the truth of the Galilean, thou wilt be greater than any that have been born of women!"

The art of the future, it is safe to predict, will be deeply influenced more by the ideas of Nietzsche than by those of Tolstoi. So much may already be inferred from the ever-growing vogue which the writings of the unfortunate, mad Slav-German enjoy, not only in Germany, but also in France, Italy and England.

GREATER DAWN

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

"W RINKLES and gray," you say, "herald
the end of day;
Herald the cold?
Young courage done to death, phantoms with
fatal breath
Grin when you're old?"

What! there beside the sea, lit by eternity,
There grow forlorn,
Blessed by a sunset far brighter than matin-star.
Richer than morn?

Nay! If the dipping sun look on a truly-run
Course to thy goal,
Back from the brine of night shall it in larger light
Rise on thy soul!

From the New York Independent.



SHOOT THE PREACHERS

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE Reverend Mrs. Eastman, a Congregationalist pulpiteer of Elmira, New York, suggests that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be commissioned to kill off all the old preachers. By "old" she means, or says she means, superannuated, *passé*, out-of-date, unfashionable pastors who, through years, or inability to "draw audiences," or "lack of invention and enterprise," have fallen behind in the ecclesiastical race for popularity, prestige and prosperity.

The good and reverend Mrs. Eastman uttered this sentiment in no spirit of unkindness, disrespect or blasphemy. The pith of her idea was that no man or class of men is so cruelly abandoned of the human race, so utterly helpless, as the superannuated preacher, the out-of-date pastor, the cleric out of a job. I believe it was the Greeks who made the first national success of laws for the racial uplift of a people by destroying defective babes, by making good the old theory of the survival of the fittest, and finally, by permitting the aged and useless to perish rather than saddle the communal body with their burdensome and retarding lives. The Corsican upstart, who achieved the most monstrous military successes in the world's history, poisoned his own wounded soldiers rather than be hampered with field hospitals in the African campaign.

The utterances of Reverend Mrs. Eastman have not had the effect which, I would like to believe, the good woman intended. The sanctified have cried "Sacrilege!" The newspaper paragrapher has made jokes upon the topic. The cartoonist has been supplied with a theme which he and some others regard as "funny." It is probable that Mrs. Eastman said what she said for the simple reason that it was "up to her" to do something sensational or remain forever in the Elmira oblivion, whence, as we know, this single clatter of her active tongue has temporarily rescued her. There can be no doubt that she, at least, is fully alive to the value of secular advertising, for her argument is enforced and pointed with statements to the effect that theological novelties, elocutionary fireworks, personal eccentricities, sensational pronouncements, pulpit buffoonery, biblical knockabouts and vaudeville virtuosity are the most essential equipments of the modern clergyman who would "catch on."

In an article which I had the honor to submit to

readers of the MIRROR, some months ago, I truthfully related the self-expressed methods of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in his efforts to seize and retain that public approval and attention which are as necessary to the successful modern cleric as new songs, smart "business" and flip accessories are to the successful comedian and clown. Mr. Talmage was not a bad man. Being a layman of laymen, I would not dare to intimate that he was not a good clergyman. But, when the question of his right to survive as a popular exponent of the teachings of Christ arose, he nurtured and exploited the sensational story that his life was in danger of assassination. There was no such dangerous chance, but he called upon the Chief of Police of the New York department for a squad of uniformed life-savers. That "play" brought also a squad of newspaper reporters and the fame of Talmage and the opportunity of the Brooklyn Tabernacle as successful institutions, were made. Dr. Talmage not only did not deny or question this story, but, on the contrary, boasted that it gave him the chance he was looking for, viz., a chance to catch on in the name of the Lord Christ and the main chance.

And yet I can see nothing funny in the Rev. Mrs. Eastman's lucubrations about the pitiful helplessness of the superannuated pastor. Indeed, I am inclined to suspect that not one in fifty of the well-informed, manly, courageous and laughter-loving men of our day cares a snap of the finger about the survival of this theory, or that school, or the other schism of the doctrines of Jesus the Nazarene. After all, the things in Christianity which appeal to men of intelligence and to men of elemental power, are the wise, kindly and unanswerable truths which the son of David preached and practised.

It occurs to me, who am not a controversialist and whose study is little on ritualism or the ethics of organized Christianity, that the great body ministerial of the universal church of Christ is soggy, saturated and stupefied with the dominant determination for financial success. During the past year I have, merely as a matter for self-edification, kept a memorandum-diary of successful pastors who have been "called" to other missions. Thus far I have failed to find a single shepherd so called from the field of his successful endeavor, whose remuneration in the new zone of influence was not better paid for than in the old. Some have gone through the motions of "struggling" against this new, and as they put it "Divine summons," but they have invariably set rumor at rest by accepting the "call" and cashing on the consequence. Sometimes they have shed tears at parting with "old friends," but they have never failed to hearken to the summons which is expressed in a hide-bound contract at an advanced salary. As a man of the world, I can find no matter for criticism in this mode of procedure. From our point of view, "money talks."

In St. Louis, as in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and in all the cities of our Nation, there are a few of the old-fashioned clergymen. They are not Divinely summoned to new charges amongst fashionable worshipers of their own or other communities. Some of them live in squalid rooms, remote and ill-kept flats, suffering, perhaps, for the common necessities of decent life. They have not pranced upon the platform. They have not assailed mouthfully the traditions of races or the tenets of sects. They have not rushed into print with their own pictures, or with ultra-reformatory measures for the correction of political parties, scientific schools and economic cults.

Some of them married our parents. Some of them baptized us. Many of them visited our sick and laid upon the fevered brows of friends the cool and gentle

hand of friendship. Servants of the loving Christ, they never meddled with the technicalities of dogma, nor worried us with blatant mouthings of applied modern sophistries.

I often wonder whether the modern, meddlesome, mouthy marplots of the church ever stop to contemplate the accessibility of the sane, manly, disciplined and yet exacting mental attitude of the Twentieth Century citizen. How near we are to the simple, basic and yet all-touching tenets of the untalkful Christ? And yet, how far removed are we from the play-acting, word-spouting, advertising-seeking flim-flams which win "calls" from more populous and richer parishes?

Build us these fancy houses of worship. Give us music by women whose names are coupled with scandals of the day. Man our vestries and our choir-balconies with men whose names are on list with the society editors. Fine and daisy! Get your name in the daily newspapers. Make our congregation fashionable. Sift oracular elegancies upon our perfumed heads.

But when your polite scene and aria are played out; when your pretty stunt is stale; when your cudgelled brain refuses to yield another new sensation, don't get up and howl over the decadence of the "religious spirit." Lucky, you, if your last sensational yawp has won the attention of the morbid, novelty clamoring audience in N'Yawk. Name it a "call," even "A Divine Summons," if you like, but go after it and save the added increment.

For the men who think it is not even necessary to invest the Christ with all those mystic sacerdotal garments which are your stock in trade, your "stage props," your appeals to the eyes of the unlettered. It is not necessary that you elaborate and distort the teachings of the gentle Nazarene. There is a world of men who do not even admit that he was an immortal Divinity, who follow him and love him yet in a sense and to a purpose inaccessible to your paltry minds and squalid souls.

Would it be asking too much that you "smart" ministers of the gospel give us a rest? By all means hearken to your "calls." Go elsewhere. Leave us with our old-fashioned, tender-hearted, out-of-date clergymen. It will be the better for the purpose of the religion out of which you have fashioned as pitiful a trade as mankind ever shrunk from.

If I could take from their dismal retreats, from their cob-webbed studies, from their friendless isolation the gray-haired failures of the cloth, I'd be willing to turn the others over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty—not to animals—but to men of wise and gentle impulse. The good old men who go to the graves of the obscure and pray with generous tears for fallen comrades, and never ask for, nor think of pay. The men of plain and simple lives who live in deeds of mercy. The preachers, great-hearted, who know the Christ who cherished Magdalen. The silent men who put the chrism upon our infant lips and did not forget or shun us in the days of sin. These are the men who stand between the world of ribald jibes and the friendless Christ who gave all for us without a chance to smile.

They are poor, but it was the mimes and clowns of their own once holy calling who stole away their prestige and their occupation. They are helpless, frail and fast diminishing, but it was the bunko men, the matinee idols, the Miss Nancies of the dishonored Church of Christ who steered the disaffection of the latter-day church-going world from the word and the work to the pageant and the fanfaronade of "popular Christianity."

Of one thing you may be sure, you clerics of many

calls and multiplying salaries! You do amuse us, and the churches which you build are fine places for rest and even excitement. But in destroying the Man God of our Scripture, you have yet left us the Godlike Man of Nazareth, whose poverty, whose wisdom, whose simplicity, whose infinite charity needs none of your ministrations. We know him not because of you, but in spite of you.



THE EUROPEAN INVASION

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

THE record of this country's foreign trade for the year 1902 is exceptionally interesting, in view of the light it throws upon some of the late developments in security and money markets. Its figures are not very gratifying, in spite of an apparent balance of trade in our favor. They prove in a striking manner that our imports are mounting up fast and faster; that foreign producers have rallied from the terrible scare they underwent a few years ago in regard to the probability of an "American invasion," and devised ways and means whereby they find themselves enabled successfully to cope with American rivals even in the latter's home market. When Count Goluchowski first began to raise the hue and cry and to bewail the encroachments made by Americans upon the markets of Europe, there were a good many economic and political writers who echoed and re-echoed his Cassandra utterances, and declared that nothing could prevent Americans from underselling European competitors in every part of the world, and that the Morgan interests held the destinies of the whole world in the hollow of their hands.

Since then things have changed mightily. At the present time, Europeans appear to be fairly serene and satisfied that they will be able to maintain their footing for a few years longer, at least. They find encouragement in the enlarged purchasing power of the American people; in the expanding volume of money loaned to Americans in the last two years, and in the high prices for commodities prevailing on this side of the Atlantic. The abnormal activity in the iron and steel trade proved a veritable windfall for European producers. But for that, England, Germany and Belgium would have suffered worse than they did from the speculative and industrial collapse of 1899-1901. A few weeks ago, an independent manufacturer of finished products in this country declared before a Congressional committee that the prices prevailing in this country for the products of the steel trust are so unreasonably high that he and many other independent manufacturers find themselves compelled to place their orders in Germany, where prices are decidedly below the American level. It is well known that quotations for American steel rails are enormously above those current in Europe, and that this difference is due, principally, to the effects of high protective duties.

The import figures for 1902 demonstrate very forcibly the results of protection and of the consequent monopolizing of manufactured products in the United States. The total value of imported merchandise amounted to the astounding sum of \$969,000,000, which compares with \$829,000,000 in 1900. Our last year's exports show a decrease, compared with the previous year, owing, no doubt, to the corn crop disaster of 1901, but this decrease is much less remarkable than the phenomenal expansion in imports. Compared with the figures for 1898, last year's imports disclose a gain of \$334,000,000. About seventy per cent of the increase in imports was furnished by raw materials, the rest of the gain being about evenly di-

vided between foreign manufactured products and foreign-made goods in the class of luxuries.

On their face, the foreign trade figures still show a substantial balance in our favor, but it is suspected that this balance exists only on paper. The foreign exchange market is in a condition which strongly suggests that we are, and have been for some time, indebted to Europe. Well-informed financiers make the assertion that our total indebtedness at the present time cannot be less than \$400,000,000. If this is really the case (and there is hardly any reason to doubt it), it is pardonable to ask what has become of the tremendous balances in our favor which trade records of the last four years were presumed to indicate? The papers and magazines have been bulging with flamboyant articles on the huge amounts of money which Europe was supposed to owe us, and yet there is Wall street to-day worried over the prospects of gold exports, and rumors of a possible withdrawal of foreign funds from this side.

Judging by actual conditions, it is reasonable to hold that Wall street's speculative mania, since 1898, has been the cause of the complete disappearance of favorable trade balances as well as of a renewal of borrowing operations abroad. Europeans may not be so plucky and "nervy" as is the average man in Wall street, but they may still lay claim to the possession of a good deal of horse sense. When, in 1901 and early in 1902, American securities were going skyward, when "corners" were almost every-day occurrences, and railroad interests lying awake of nights thinking over possibilities of losing control to marauding millionaire gamblers of the Gates breed, English and German investors were selling American securities in job lots without interruption. They could not withstand the temptation of high prices prevailing. Experience had taught them that booms are evanescent, and not to be trusted over night. And so they sold as fast as we put quotations up and nearer to the bursting point.

The consequence of all this has been that a large amount of American stocks and bonds formerly held by European investors is now owned at home, and that the money and foreign exchange markets have become chronically disturbed. Some time ago, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the financial credit of which is strictly first-class, found it impossible to float its securities at less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This attracted considerable attention in financial circles, and was at once taken as a symptom that the value of money is once more on the up-grade, and that the time of plentiful and cheap money has passed by.

Is the value of money really rising? Competent observers will unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative. The New York money market, ever since the summer of 1902, has been more or less out of joint, and required artificial assistance on several occasions. At the present time, it appears to be in a convalescent state, but there are a few good financial doctors who believe that a relapse is bound to set in again before many months have elapsed. The present looks like the proverbial lull before the storm.

Business conditions in Europe are slowly improving, and the more they improve, the more will it become necessary for European investors to withdraw their capital from this side. The large sums which we now owe to British, German and French financial interests cannot be expected to be allowed to remain here indefinitely. A large part would have been recalled already, but for the shrewd tactics pursued by Morgan and his friends to prevent anything that might tend to scare investors on this side and accentuate the troubles and worries of "overloaded" promoting syndicates.

It will thus be seen that the promoting mania

promises to bear bitter fruit; that the legitimate rules of finance cannot be violated with impunity; that international trade balances are a very elusive affair and of rather metaphysical value, and that protective duties have brought about the very things which they were designed to prevent—an invasion of the American market by European producers. There is lots of food for thoughtful reflection in our international trade figures for 1902, and especially in the figures which prove that at no time in the history of the country were American imports of a larger volume than they are at the present time.



THE WRONG WOMAN

BY MARGUERITE STABLER.

THE Massons had come from somewhere "back East," their neighbors would have told you, and were "stuck up." Everybody could see that from the smart trap they drove and the feathers on Mrs. Masson's hat. Nobody could have told you of a specific instance of their stuck-up-ness, but as the neighbors all agreed, when a fellow—and a young fellow at that—held twice as much land as anybody in the valley, he was bound to feel his oats. Consequently, the Massons were severely let alone by the Middletowners, and not given a chance to "lay it over" anybody.

At first the Massons looked upon their ostracism from the Middletown church socials and school picnics as a huge joke, and regarded the narrow-minded farmer-folk around them as of about the same importance as the Jersey cattle in the pasture, and the Brigadier stock in their stables. But after a time—when the novelty of country life was quite worn off; when the smart trap had clattered over every available foot of the great, monotonous valley; when the varying seasons were no longer new—a little human intercourse began to seem a sweet and needful thing. But the Massons did not know how to break down the barrier of feathers and silver-mounted harness. Jack Masson could not pull up his horse in the middle of the county road and talk an hour or two about the best time to plant pumpkins, or the cheapest remedy for hog cholera, because his horses were too mettlesome to stand. Mrs. Masson could not send her children to the public school, and thereby show her friendly feeling, for the simple reason that she had none to send.

Therefore was the ostracism of the Massons complete. Then, when the price of wheat began to drop, life on a great Western grain ranch began to show its sterner side. Masson found he could get along without his foreman by doing the work himself, and by degrees dropped into looking out for the machinery, devising means of saving labor, superintending the care of the horses, and even, in emergencies, taking a hand himself in anything that was to be done. In the house, matters were similar. As, year after year, the price of wheat continued to drop, the little chafing-dish arts, practiced on cozy evenings among her congenial Eastern friends, were called into use, and "A Practical Cook-Book for Beginners" bought and diligently studied.

As with each season's harvest conditions became worse, the smart trap ceased to be seen on the country roads, and the offending feathers became drabbed and were not replaced by new ones. Thrown back upon themselves for entertainment and diversion, the Massons found, to their surprise, how uninteresting they had become to each other. Books, to a man harassed by the care of an unprofitable ranch, had no charm; and music from hands stiffened by housework, lost its melody.

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Hard manual work roughens a man's disposition and manners, but Masson was not the man to notice this degeneration in himself: Isolation from congenial company and a want of interest in her surroundings make a woman careless of her appearance; and long watching over a sear and yellow expanse of grain-fields burns hair and complexion, of whatever hue, to a sallow, tawny sun-burn. And Masson was the man to notice this change in his wife keenly, and feel aggrieved.

At length, after the tenth long, dry summer in this sun-scorched, sun-cursed valley, things reached a crisis. Their domestic tranquility was disturbed by a rupture caused by the intolerable monotony of their lives settling down on their nerves. Then, after more days, more discontent, more desolation, there was another rupture, until the existing state of affairs could be endured no longer.

It was then Julie Masson wrote for the little niece who had been the flower-girl at her wedding, to come out and spend the winter with them.

The prospect of having a child in the house, albeit a borrowed one, put new interest into both their broken lives. They grew less indifferent to their manners and appearance, and even tried to establish a better understanding with each other—for the child's sake. The trap was overhauled and repainted, a pony was bought, and a kitten was saved from the drowning for a pet for 'Lisbeth.

But when 'Lisbeth arrived, with the added weight of ten years upon her curly head, she was not the little tot they had left behind ten years ago, and that they, in their blindness, had still expected to see. Elisabeth was now a woman, and keenly alive to the fact.

Julie Masson took 'Lisbeth to her arms, as she would have taken any human soul for the sake of companionship, but there was still an ache in her heart for the child she had expected to see. And Elisabeth, in her turn, took her aunt, her aunt's husband, and everything on the ranch, straight to her heart. And every live creature about the place felt the spell of her presence; the dear little pigs, the cunning little chickens, the sweet little calves, all brought gurgles of delight to her lips. The mettlesome

horses Masson himself had difficulty in mounting were cajoled by sugar and kisses into carrying her safely. The great St. Bernards were unchained and allowed to romp with her through the halls. The out-of-tune piano was banged and thumped from morning till night, and buoyant, bubbling springtime reigned supreme all winter long.

The trap, as smart and new as ever, was again heard clattering over the roads, for Jack somehow seemed always able to find time to show 'Lisbeth the great rolling valley, now growing fresh and young again under the touch of the winter rains. If Jack had to go down to the village, 'Lisbeth had to go too, because she was the only one who could hold Prancing Billy steady. If he had to ride horseback over the fields, still 'Lisbeth must go along because Blackbird went so much better if some one rode Dick. And it was surprising, to Mrs. Masson at least, how many excursions of the sort seemed suddenly necessary.

As Julie Masson watched them day after day starting off together, Jack's shoulders growing straighter, his step brisker, his manner gentler, the ache in her heart took a different form and grew deeper. And when she met them on their return, 'Lisbeth sparkling and dimpling and Jack gallant and gentle, she sighed for her old desolation à deux.

That Julie seemed to grow frailer and thinner since Elisabeth's arrival, instead of better as they had hoped, Jack did not seem to notice. In fact, nobody seemed to notice Julie much any more. 'Lisbeth was sweet and thoughtful enough when they were alone together, but 'Lisbeth was not shrewd enough to keep her aunt from seeing her ear was attuned for a certain step on the walk, a certain whistle down the road, a certain voice in the hallway. She felt her superfluity with a poignance pressed down and running over.

"You don't look well this morning, old girl," Masson surprised her by saying one morning, when Elisabeth was kept in her room by a cold and they were eating their meal in cheerless silence.

Dredging her memory for some reason to which to ascribe this sudden solicitude on his part, she forgot to answer him. After a moment he repeated his observation—casual enough in itself.

"You are not looking well this morning, Julie."

Mrs. Masson looked up quickly. Was this the first

time during the winter he had noticed her ill-looks, she wondered.

"I am as well as usual," she answered, quietly, still wondering at his sudden interest.

The meal was finished in silence. They had so long ceased to pretend to have a common interest that it was not necessary to sham. The child, as she insisted upon calling 'Lisbeth, had not seemed to notice their attitude toward each other, or had accepted it as a matter of course between people who had been married ten years, and did not know—or did she know?—it was her presence that was widening the breach. This was the question Julie asked herself every day as she watched her niece and her husband, and the lines around her mouth grew harder as she slowly formed an opinion.

A few hours later, Masson rode back to the house.

"You looked so bad at breakfast, old girl," and again she tried to think his tones rang true, "I brought you some fine mushrooms to tempt your appetite. These are the first of the season; I found them around the irrigating ditch." Throwing his find on the table and springing back into his saddle, he was off.

Julie watched him out of sight. Was this the old Jack she had thought lost to her? or was it a new Jack she had scarcely allowed herself to suspect of being? As she looked off over the acres of isolation that spread on all sides about her, her eyes took on that hard inscrutable look that had come into them these recent years.

It was late when Jack came home that evening. He did not whistle as he came down the road. Julie was composed enough to ask herself—"Why?"

He found the house cold, the fires were out. The dogs cowered dumbly around the steps. The shades were drawn on all the windows. Julie, cold and inscrutable, met him at the stoop.

"What! you?" he cried; "what's the matter? How's 'Lisbeth?"

Julie led him silently into the house. "Elisabeth is dead," she told him, simply; "as the child had not much appetite either, I gave her the mushrooms you so kindly brought to me." Her eyes held his steadily. "They were not mushrooms—and the child is dead."

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NEW BOOKS

A fascinating work is "Across Coveted Lands," by A. Henry Savage Landor. It is an account of experiences, impressions and observations made by the author on a journey from Flushing, Holland, to Calcutta, overland. Russia, Persia, Afghanistan, Beluchistan and India are the countries visited and described. The two volumes of the work furnish most entertaining and instructive reading. They are written in a facile, forceful style, and abound in information of great value to students of natural sciences, history, philosophy, religion, politics and geography. Mr. Landor kept his mind, eyes and ears open wherever he went. The circle of his observations comprises well nigh everything. He discusses the commercial growth of Baku, the Russian naphtha center, the marriage ceremonies of the Persians, the physical characteristics of women, life in the harems, historical episodes and trips through the deserts with equal freshness and originality of views. The prosperity of Baku impressed him very much, and so did its dreary surroundings and sandstorms. "The most depressing sight in Baku," he says, "is the vegetation, or rather the strenuous efforts of the lover of plants to procure verdure at all costs in the gardens. It is seldom one's lot to see trees and plants look more pitiable, notwithstanding the unbounded care that is taken of them. The terrific heat of Baku, the hot winds and sandstorms are deadly enemies to vegetation. Nothing will grow. One does not see a blade of grass, nor a shrub anywhere except those few that are artificially brought up. The sand is most trying. It is so fine that the wind forces it through anything, and one's tables, one's chairs, one's bed are yellow-coated with it. The tablecloth at the hotel, specklessly white when you begin to dine, gets gradually yellower at sight, and by the time you are half through your dinner the waiter has to come with a brush to remove the thick coating of dust on the table." The development of Persia is much delayed by insecurity of possession and oppressive taxation. The man of wealth is afraid to venture, lest he excite the cupidity of officials or neighbors. He is anxious to hide his wealth, lest the tax-gatherer practice intolerable, ruinous extortion upon him. Mr. Landor says that the houses of the wealthiest are purposely made humble outwardly, and that it is difficult to distinguish from the outside between the house of a millionaire and that of a common merchant. Owing to lack of opportunity for the legitimate and profitable employment of his money, the rich Persian has no other alternative but to waste it, no matter how. And so he squanders "both capital and income (the latter if he possesses land) in luxurious jewelry and carpets, and in unhealthy bribery and corruption, or in satisfying caprices which his voluptuous nature may suggest. The result? The Persian is driven to live mostly for his vanity and frivolity—two unbusiness-like qualities not tending to the promotion of commercial enterprise on a large scale, although it is true that in a small way his failings give rise and life to certain industries. For

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instance, even in remote, poor and small centers where food is scarce and the buildings humble, one invariably finds a goldsmith, filigree-workers and embroidery makers, whereas the necessities of life may be more difficult to obtain." Mr. Landor comments at length upon the large number of Jews in Persia. Like many others, he believes in the probability that the Persian Jews are the descendants of the lost Ten Tribes, and that they have resided in Isfahan from its earliest foundations. "In the tenth century—under the Dilemi dynasty—

Isfahan consisted of two cities, Yahoodieh (Jewry) and Shehristan (the city). In the middle of the twelfth century, according to Benjamin of Tudela, the Jews of Isfahan numbered 15,000. At present they number about 5,000. They are mostly peddlers by profession, or engaged in making silk thread (Abreesham Kâr, etc.). There are a few merchants of comparative influence. Jewelers and traders in precious stones, brokers and wine-sellers are frequent, but the majority consists almost entirely of diviners, musicians, dancers—music and dancing

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are considered low, contemptible occupations in Persia—scavengers, and beggars. The Jews of Isfahan, like those of all other cities in Persia, have been subjected to a great deal of oppression. There is a story that Timour-i-Lang (Tamerlane—end of fourteenth century) was riding past a synagogue in Isfahan, where the Mesjid-i-Ali now stands, and that the Jews made such a horrible noise at their prayers (in saying the 'Shema, Israel,' on the Day of Atonement) that his horse bolted, and he was thrown and lamed. Hence his name, and hence also a terrible massacre of the Jews, which reduced their number to about one-third." Mr. Landor concludes with the words that "the position of the Jews in Persia—although infinitely better than it was before—is still a very pathetic one." For the Parsees the author has only words of praise. They are of fine physical appearance, honest, industrious and law-abiding. Their morality is good, and their family life remarkably clean. The Parsees are but few in number, not more than 100,000 all told in the conglomeration of races that form the Indian Empire, but they occupy, through their honesty and intelligence, the foremost place in that country. "They worship God, and only one God, and do not admit idolatry. They are most open-minded regarding other people's notions, and are ever ready to recognize that other religions have their own good points." The volumes under review are handsomely bound and printed: Their value is enhanced by 175 illustrations, diagrams, plans and maps by the author. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers. Price \$7.50.

"Man Visible and Invisible," by C. W. Leadbeater, is a work that appeals, directly, to all who believe in theosophy, clairvoyance and occult sciences in general, and, indirectly, to all who are avowedly skeptical regarding matters of this kind. In the initial chapter, the author informs us that he is "not attempting to prove that clairvoyance is a reality; I take that for granted, and proceed to describe what is seen by its means." All he set out to do is to give a brief statement of the broad principles of the subject, "as is absolutely necessary in order that this book shall be comprehensible to one who has not studied other theosophical literature." Much of the book is, necessarily, of a very metaphysical character, but it is quite evident that the author endeavored to avoid excessive abstract reasoning of a tiresome character, and to explain his subject in an easily understandable fashion. This may be seen from the following, for instance, taken from chapter iv: "Nirvana has for ages been the term employed in the East to convey the idea of the highest conceivable spiritual attainment. To reach Nirvana was to pass beyond humanity, to gain a level of peace, bliss above earthly comprehension. So absolutely was all that was earthly left behind by the aspirant who attained to its transcendent glory, that some European orientalists fell at first into the mistake of supposing that it was an entire annihilation of the man—an idea than which nothing could be more utterly the opposite of the truth. To gain the full use of the exalted con-

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sciousness of this exceedingly elevated spiritual condition is to reach the goal appointed for human evolution during this aeon or dispensation—to become an adept, a man who is something more than man." The book may fail to convince skeptics, but it does not fail to interest. It contains, at least, as good a statement of the principles of occultism as one could wish for. There are three diagrams and twenty-two colored illustrations in the book. John Lane, New York, is the publisher.

The table of contents of the February number of the "Smart Set" is exceptionally bright and tempting. The many short stories are well up to the high standard adopted by this excellent magazine. Among the contributors to the current number are G. B. Burgin, Theodosia Garrison, Florence Brooks, James Branch Cabell, Ethel Watts Mumford, Tom P. Morgan, Bliss Carman and Josephine Preston Peabody. Victor du Bled is represented by an article that should appeal strongly to society folk: "Le Salon: Qu'est-il? Que Doit-il Etre?" Ess Ess Publishing Co., New York.

In the February number of *The Reader*, we find a most interesting article on "Italy in Fiction," by Amy A. Bernardy, who takes some energetic exceptions to the distorted views of Italian life expressed in the works of Mr. Marion Crawford, Ouida, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Marie Correlli. Douglas Story is represented by a pungent article on "The Irony of Success," and Julius Moritzen by a thoughtful bibliographical sketch of George Brandes, the Danish *littérateur*. "The Reader" must be considered one of the sprightliest new magazines. Published by The Reader Publishing Co., New York.

C. L. Bates, who for many years was with Mermod, Jaccard & Co., now has charge of the Diamond Department of F. W. Drosten, 7th and Pine, where he would be pleased to meet and serve his many friends and patrons.

THE EXECUTION

A SPORTING ANECDOTE.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day; It was half after two he had nothing to do. So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet. Tiger Tim was clean of limb, His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim; With a very smart tie in his smart cravat, And a smart cockade on the top of his hat; Tallest of boys, or shortest of men, He stood in his stockings four foot ten; And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing, "Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?" My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head, And thus to 'Tiger Tim he said, "Malibran's dead, Dunvernay's fled, Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead; Tiger Tim, come tell to me true, What may a Nobleman find to do?"

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down, He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown, And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown; He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head, He let go the handle, and thus he said, As the door, released, behind him bang'd: "An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hanged."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news "Run to M'Fuze, and Lieutenant Tregooze,

And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues. Rope-dancers a score I've seen before—Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more; But to see a man swing at the end of a string, With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab; Through street, and through square, His high-trotting mare, Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air. Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace; She produced some alarm, but did no great harm, Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm, Spattering with clay two urchins at play, Knocking down—very much to the sweepers' dismay—An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way, And upsetting a stall near Exeter Hall, Which made all the pious Church Mission-folks squall. But eastward afar through Temple Bar, My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car; Never heeding their squalls, Or their calls, or their bawls, He passes by Waitman's Emporium for shawls, And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's, Turns down the Old Bailey. Where in front of the gaol, he Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump, For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark mid-night— Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light. The parties are met; the tables are set; There is "punch," "cold without," "hot with," "heavy wet," Ale glasses and jugs, and rummers and mugs, And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs, Cold fowl and cigars, pickled onions in jars, Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws!— And very large lobsters with very large claws; And there is M'Fuze, and Lieutenant Tregooze, And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues, All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes one! Supper is done,— And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun, Singing "Jolly companions every one!" My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin-toddy, And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.— The clock strikes two! and the clock strikes three! —"Who so merry, so merry as we?" Save Captain M'Fuze, Who is taking a snooze, While Carnaby Jenks is busy at work, Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

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The clock strikes four!—Round the debtors' door Are gathered a couple of thousand or more; As many await at the press-yard gate, Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight The mob divides, and between their ranks A wagon comes loaded with posts and planks. The clock strikes five! The sheriffs arrive, And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive; But Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks, and winks, A candle burns down in the socket and stinks, Lieutenant Tregooze, is dreaming of Jews, And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse; My Lord Tomnoddy has drunk all his toddy, And just as the dawn is beginning to peep, The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks, With roseate streaks, Like the first faint flush on a maiden's cheeks; Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky Smil'd upon all things far and nigh, On all—save the wretch condemned to die! Alack! that ever so fair a sun As that which its course has now begun, Should rise on such a scene of misery!— Should gild with rays so light and free That dismal, dark-frowning gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate; The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes eight!

List to that low funeral bell: It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!— And see!—from forth that opening door They come—he steps that threshold o'er Who never shall tread upon threshold more!

—God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see That pale wan man's mute agony— The glare of that wild, despairing eye Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky, As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and fear, The path of the spirit's unknown career; Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer; That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done! The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone— For weal or for woe is known but to One!

—Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—ah me! A deed to shudder at—not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time! The hour is past;—with its earliest chime The cord is severed, the lifeless clay By "dungeon villains" is borne away: Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke! And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke! And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose, And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose; And they stared at each other, as much as to say, "Hello! Hello! Here's a rum go! 'Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay! The fellow's been cut down and taken away!— What's to be done? We've missed all the fun!— Why, they'll laugh at and quizz us all over the town, We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What was to be done?—'twas perfectly plain They could not well hang the man over again: What was to be done?—The man was dead! Naught could be done—naught could be said: So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

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SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schroers have gone to New York for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Adreon, of Cabanne, are making a tour of Mexico.

Miss Isabel Belcher, returned lately, from Europe, where she has spent some time in travel.

Mrs. Ben May and her daughter will leave, soon, to spend the summer months in European travel.

Miss Mabel Plochman left, last week, for Mount Vernon, Ill., where she will make a visit to friends.

Mrs. George S. Beers left, a short time ago, for New York, to visit her daughter, Mrs. John Crawford.

Miss Grace Estes left, on Tuesday, for Norfolk, Va., where she will make an extended visit to relatives.

Miss Adele Kershaw, of Macon, Ga., is spending some weeks in St. Louis with her aunt, Mrs. R. K. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lederer, who have been East during the past three weeks, are expected home this week.

Mrs. Ben. F. Gray is entertaining her cousin, Miss Moss, of Columbia, Mo., who is being a great deal entertained.

Miss Adele Armstrong will leave, soon, for New York to visit her aunt, Mrs. Harvey Miller, who formerly resided here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Elliott, with Mrs. Frankie Reed and little Miss Vesta Reed, are spending some time in Tampa, Florida.

Miss Anna Koehler and her sister, Mrs. Krausnick, have gone to New York and Washington, accompanied by Miss Anns Poertner.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Loader are entertaining their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Zabriskie, of New York City.

Mrs. J. B. Case and Miss Carrie Wilkerson, of Webster Groves, have gone abroad together, and are at present traveling on the Continent.

Mrs. Eben Richards has lately purchased a beautiful landed estate in Virginia, where she will reside for the greater part of the year.

Miss Mabel Wood, of Westminster place, gave a beautiful dinner-dance, last Thursday, when about fifty young people enjoyed the evening.

Mrs. Howard Blossom and her mother, Mrs. Alfred Bradford, left, last Friday at noon, for New York, to join friends sailing on the Moltke, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Ellen King and Mrs. George Von Schrader, of the Grand Avenue Hotel, have been entertaining their sister, Mrs. Judge Martin, of Columbia, Mo., and her son.

Mrs. Loses Rumsey has been entertaining her daughter, Mrs. D. Bryson Delaven, of New York City, who left, the latter part of the week, to return to her home.

Misses Elma and Queen Rumsey, accompanied by their aunt, Mrs. White, of Detroit, will leave, soon, for Nassau, Florida, where they will make a stay of some time.

Mrs. D. R. Powell gave a luncheon, last week, in honor of Mrs. L. M. Rumsey and Miss Julia Rumsey, prior to their departure for a European tour of several months.

Mrs. Ben F. Gray, of Cabanne, will give a dancing party at the Odeon, on February 10th, in honor of her son, Mr. Cabell Gray, coming of age. Miss Moss' card enclosed.

Mrs. W. D. Griswold and Mrs. Huntington Smith have been entertaining, for several weeks, Miss Nellie Griswold, who left, last week, to return to her present home in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Drummond, who have, of late, resided at Dobbs Ferry, returned to St. Louis the early part of the week, and greeted their friends at the Schuman-Heink Concert on Monday evening, at the Odeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Ruf of No. 5863 Cabanne avenue, accompanied by Frank A. Ruf, Jr., have sailed for the Bahamas, Cuba, Jamaica and the Bermuda Islands. They expect to be absent about two months.

Mrs. Joseph Miller, accompanied by the Misses Ramsay, went on to New York, the early part of the week, in Mr. Ramsay's private car, to sail on the Steamer Moltke for the Mediterranean trip.

Miss Clara Carter will give a dance this evening, when a number of the younger debutante set will be present. Miss Pearl Parker, of Providence, R. I., who is visiting Miss Dula, will be the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Rumsey left, last week, for New York, to join Mrs. Rumsey and Miss Julia Rumsey in New York. They were joined, on Sunday, by Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Gilman Chappell, who completed the party.

A reception was given, last week, by Mesdames John P. Becker, Philip August Becker, Arthur W. Becker and William Dee Becker, the function taking place at the home of Mrs. J. P. Becker, of Lindell boulevard, between the hours of three and five o'clock.

Miss Rosalie M'Ree of Cabanne and Mr. Trankerville Drew, have chosen the twenty-first of February for their wedding day. Miss M'Ree, who has been one of the most popular girls in the fashionable set, will be attended by a bevy of young society girls.

Miss Louise May, of Cabanne, daughter of Mrs. Anna May, has lately been telling her friends of her engagement to an aristocratic foreigner, whom she will wed in the latter part of this month. After a long honeymoon tour, they will make their home on the Continent.

Mrs. Francis Beauregard de Aguilar sent out cards, last week, for the marriage of her sister, Miss Susan Leigh Slattry, and Mr. John Holliday Wear. The ceremony will take place on Saturday, February 14th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at Christ Church Cathedral. After the ceremony there will be a small reception at the Stafford, at five o'clock, after which the couple will depart for an extended bridal tour.

Mrs. James Williamson Byrnes of West Pine boulevard, assisted by Mrs. George Von Schrader, gave an entertainment last Saturday, when the guests were all young married people and young girls. Among the ladies present were Mesdames Russell Harding, Nannie Johnson, David Biggs, John Betts, Paul Bakewell, John M'Nair, George Goddard, Misses Elsie Ford, Mary Boyce, Adelaide Garesche, Clara Bain, Louise Espenchied and Alecia Chambers.

A small, though pretty, tea was given last week by Mrs. Walter West, of Westminster place, to a number of the younger set, and young married ladies. After all had arrived Mrs. West made a formal announcement of the engagement of Miss Barbara Blackman and Mr. David O'Neil, both of whom are well known in society. Miss Blackman resides with her family at their pretty home in Cabanne, and Mr. O'Neil is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Neil, of 4470 Westminster place.

A pretty affair of the past week was the dinner-dance given by Mrs. Frank Johnson for her daughter, Miss Nannie Johnson, at the Country Club, on Saturday evening. Among the young people present were Misses Marie Johnson, Lucile Niedringhaus, Louise Whittemore, Mary Allen, Edwina Tutt, Ruth Slattry, Mary Ann Drew, Mary Field, of Chicago. Messrs. Edgar Lackland, Sam M'Cluney, Jim M'Cluney, Henry Garneau, Claude Kennerly, Clarence Gamble and George Weitzell.

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and a few new dresses for extra occasions; but if you feel very poor, my love, I can stay at home and have mother come here, you know. *He*—Pooh! Nonsense. I'm making money right along. Here's a check, and, dear, be sure to include in your list three or four pairs of Swope's shoes. Swope's shoes are always so "dressy" and perfect in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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MUSIC

APOLLO AND OTHER CONCERTS.

A short-lived flurry of concerts—to say nothing of Castle Square Opera—is putting local music devotees in a flutter this week. We provincial concert-goers are accustomed to having our music events follow each other at intervals—one, possibly two, concerts or recitals each week—but just now the air is thick with Apollo Club, Morning Choral Club and Choral Symphony concerts, and recitals by Mme. Schumann-Heink, Miss Ringen, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, and Kocian.

The Apollo Club, last week, did not achieve the impossible by living fully up to its preceding concert, either in its chorus singing, or the work of the solo vocalist.

The Apollo "boys" and Mr. Galloway gave the impression that they were trying to out-do themselves, and rather overshot the mark. Less strenuousness, and especially the *Sordini* put on one aggressive tenor voice that made itself unduly prominent, will help to better the ensemble. The Apollo Club is so unprovincial, so first-rate and up-to-date in every way, and at its first concert of the season, under Mr. Galloway's direction, proved itself capable of such polished chorus singing, that it should take heed and immediately repress this newly developed tendency to "yell." Plangency and explosiveness cannot take the place of balance and smoothness.

The programme selected by the club for performance at its last concert was short, but contained several extremely interesting compositions. The first number, a "Folk Song," by Kremser, proved to be a melodious chorus, written in musicianly style. The form is clear and the parts distributed in a way that evidenced a thorough understanding of part song writing.

Some verses from Kipling's "Jungle Book," set to music most characteristically by Mr. Frank Damrosch, was a composition made possible only by the vim and snap with which it was sung. This chorus is short and spasmodic, and its merits are esoteric. "The Destruction of Gaza," by De Rille, the club's "big" number, has a healthy, virile tone. An introduction in unison is followed by a middle part, broad and religious in style, and, by way of contrast, the music in the finale assumes a decidedly martial character.

A fresh, strong theme, worked out interestingly, and the splendid second bass of the Apollo Club given an opportunity, made the "Comrade Song," by Bullard, a happy selection with which to close the programme. Gilchrist's fine "Drinking Song" was added to satisfy the demands of the audience.

Miss Elsa Ruegger's unassuming mastery of the 'cello was displayed in compositions by Bocherini and Popper. She has broadened in her art, since last heard here, without losing the appealing charm of her personality. Mr. Galloway assisted sympathetically at the piano.

Mrs. Kirkby Lunn, accompanied by Mr. Kirkby Lunn, sang French, Italian and English songs in a puissant but unwieldy contralto of metallic and tenoris-

tic quality in the lower tones, which sounded and warmed in the middle register, and was hammered to tenuity at its upper extreme.

SCHUMANN-HEINK.

There may be two opinions of her voice and of her technical command of *bel canto*, but there can be but one verdict as to Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink's dramatic power and commanding interpretation of the flowers of German song. On Monday night, at the Odéon, the great contralto gave a beautiful programme, consisting of four Schubert songs, the indescribably lovely Schumann cycle "Woman's Love and Life," three Brahms songs and an aria from "Samson and Delilah."

The deep insight and feeling with which she illumines her work has never been more clearly shown than in the Schumann cycle, when she "lived" the song so vividly that one almost felt that, as James Huneker puts it, he "assisted at the toilet of a woman's soul."

The audience refused to be dismissed at the end of the programme and the gracious Frau added her *tour de force*, the *Brindisi* from "Lucretia Borgia." She gave the rollicking Donizetti measures with exhilarating nerve and dash, and evoked a demonstration that must have moved even one to whom applause comes as a matter of course.

Mme. Schumann-Heinke, scornful local accompanists, brought with her Mrs. Hess-Buer, of Chicago, who played most appreciatively Schumann, Schubert and Brahms.

UNION MUSICAL ARTISTS' RECITAL.

A happier combination than Mme. Zeisler and Miss Ringen in recital, would be difficult to find. The talent, art and emotion with which the instrumentalist interprets piano literature, finds its prototype in the vocalists' presentment of her unique song programmes. The Union Musical Club's Artists' Recital on Monday next should be a gala event.

CASTLE SQUARE OPERA.

The dear old Castle Square Opera Company, in dear old "Trovatore," with dear old Norwood as *Leonora*, dear old Sheehan as *Manrico*, dear old Goff as the *Count*, together with the dear old chorus, is again encamped at the Century Theater. Mr. Savage's faith in old favorites is strong and he puts them all on to open his fourth annual engagement in St. Louis. The enthusiasm prevailing at the opening performance goes far to show that this shrewd, and phenomenally successful, manager's judgment is not at fault. Familiarity has not made the work pall, as far as the singers are concerned, and had she been engaged in a debut as *Leonora* Miss Norwood could not have been more careful and painstaking in her work. She sang as brilliantly as ever, was as effectively emotional in black velvet and blue moonlight in the Tower scene. Mr. Sheehan was most impassioned behind canvas bars in this scene, and in the fourth act delivered himself triumphant of the "*di quella pira*." Not even the strenuous work of "*La Tosca*" seems to have affected the molten silver of his

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voice. Goff's noble barytone is a joy to ear, and, histrionically this earnest worker has developed wonderfully. The chorus spared neither tone, nor anvil, but smote both with a will, and so the four weeks' season of Castle Square Opera has begun most auspiciously.

Pierre Marteau.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

The third popular concert of the Choral-Symphony Society takes place in the Odeon to-night. The soloists are Mme. Lucy Holman Hinchcliffe, contralto, and Mr. Jaques Wouters, oboe. Mr. Ernst, the director, has arranged a program of well-known but not hackneyed music, which, presented by the large orchestral body at his disposal, ought to prove an added attraction. Mme. Hinchcliffe sings the aria from Haendel's "Semele" and has chosen this number because it affords opportunity for the display of her phenomenal range of voice. Mr. Wouters presents the Hubans "Polonaise," an excellent selection for a show of oboe virtuosity. Among the orchestral numbers are Strauss' overture to "Die Fledermaus," Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and Liszt's symphonic tone-poem, "Les Preludes."

Kocian, the young Bohemian violinist, comes to the Odeon on Saturday night, February 7. He will be accompanied by Mr. Franz Spindler at the piano and his soloist is Miss Julie Geyer. Kocian's most thrilling number is the Paganini "I Capricci." He opens the concert with Saint Saens' Rondo Capriccioso. Jaroslav Kocian desires to be publicly judged as a presenter of violin scores, violinistically speaking. The prices have been popularized and the indications are for a large and profitable audience.

"Der Geigenmacher von Mittenwald," Ganghofer's masterpiece, as presented by the Germania Theater Stock Company, was well received. That Mrs. Victoria Welb-Markham has made scores of friends in St. Louis was demonstrated by the large audience which greeted her on her benefit-evening. Leona Bergere and George Heinemann will enact the leading roles in "Das Schuetzenlied," the great musical and mirth-provoking success, to be produced Sunday evening. Ferdinand Welb will be tendered a benefit Wednesday evening, on which occasion the "Renaissance" will be the offering.

Rice and Barton's extravaganza company, at the Standard Theater, this week, is drawing large audiences. The managers have seen to it that the chorus girls are well-coached and the quality of their work is attested by the bursts of enthusiastic applause. The "maidens" are quite comely and wear their pretty attire in manner "fetching." The Bell trio is easily the headliner of the vaudeville programme. The three perform some acrobatic

feats, breath-taking almost, and are accorded a number of resounding "hands." Others on the bill deserving of mention are Eckhoff and Gordon, Mitchell and Warren, and Adylla May Vyner.

Mr. Martin Harvey, of whom the Eastern critics speak so favorably, will appear at the Olympic Theater, February 9th, in the play made famous by Henry Miller, "The Only Way." "Bud" Mantz' benefit will be given Monday, the opening night. Mr. Mantz is quite popular in St. Louis, and his friends should remember him handsomely by attending en masse.

Next Sunday evening there will be a sacred concert given at the Century Theater. The St. Cecilia Mass will be rendered. Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings and Wednesday matinee the Castle Square Opera Company will produce "Tosca." Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee "Lohengrin" will be the offering.

There is laughter and fun and exhilarating sport for all those who nightly participate in the skating at the Ice Palace on Cook and Channing avenues. Join the merry throng. Get in the race.

MARY MANNERING'S ROMANCE

Miss Mannerling is an English girl, as everybody knows, brought over here by Mr. Daniel Frohman for his Lyceum Theater stock company, just six years ago. She went on the stage in England when she was 15 years old, and had attained a nice bit of distinction, both in London and the English provinces, before Mr. Frohman "discovered" her. Her instantaneous success over here is within the memory of all of us, and the romance of her marriage to one of our own splendid young actors is dear to the hearts of all. There is one little page of this romance, by the way, that I believe has never been written. When Miss Mannerling was just a bit of a girl, in London, she and a young friend one day discovered a photograph in one of the shop windows which they, girl-like, began to gush over.

"Isn't he handsome?" said Miss Mannerling.

"What a face!" exclaimed her friend.

"Is he an actor or a clergyman?" mused Miss Mannerling.

"He is St. Anthony," said her friend, and can't you just imagine the accompanying girlish giggles and grimaces? Well, after this the two girls stopped before the picture nearly every day and began to call it "our face in the window," and Miss Mannerling says it stamped itself so plainly in her memory that she could never forget it. Time wore on and the bit of a girl grew into a bit more of a girl, with ambitions. She went on the stage, and pretty soon we allured her over here. It was surely fate, for, a short time after her arrival in America, she met Mr. Hackett. She knew she had met him somewhere before, but where? Looking at him, and wondering where, may have had somewhat to do with her surrender to the fascination of his strong, manly personality, but be that as it may, she surrendered, and then came the announcement of their marriage engagement. A short time after this, and before her marriage, she was visiting at his mother's

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" Cleveland	10:20 p. m.	1:40 a. m.		2:55 p. m.
" Buffalo	2:55 a. m.	6:18 a. m.		7:25 p. m.
" New York	2:55 p. m.	6:00 p. m.		7:50 a. m.
" Boston	4:55 p. m.	9:03 p. m.		10:10 a. m.

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er's one day and was looking with him over some old albums of photographs, when suddenly, placing her hand flat down on the face of a picture with a little exclamation of surprise, she said: "Why, dear, it was you!" "I?" said Mr. Hackett. "Yes; you in the window."

The rest is better imagined than expressed, since Mr. Hackett and Miss Mannerling were lovers and both impressionable, romantic and temperamental. Miss Mannerling is now hostess of a beautiful home in East Thirty-third street, New York, and in that home she is Mrs. Hackett.—Leslie's Weekly.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

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has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

A JUST PUNISHMENT

"I verily believe," said the foreman, "that Smith's goat has been in here and swallowed that fellow's poem." "Serves the goat right!" said the editor. "He should have died long ago!"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE TOILETTE

It would seem that Dame Fashion's storehouse of new and charming ideas is inexhaustible.

Rich dark brown *Crepe de Chine*, made up with daintily delicate white chiffon and fashioned in that graceful, clinging mode which continues so irresistible, the effect heightened by rows of sheering held in place with cordings, the sleeves of the gown fitting tight to the arm to just above the elbow, then, a disclosure of some soft lacy material falling away 'neath the dark blue, lending that charm of contour to the hand and wrist which in description seems so elusive, yet when seen is so patently exquisite; the corsage beautifully brodered, the *tout ensemble* of that splendor only imparted in those French importations—of such elegance is a costume of which I would tell. One creation in Irish crochet lace with its trimmings of wide folds of fine broadcloth, which, in turn, enhance the beauty of the robe by its medallion-like insertions of Irish handmade lace—this simply-handsome dinner-gown can be adequately pictured only by saying: " 'tis a dream of loveliness come true." An expression which, by the way, is supposed to be understood exclusively by fair femininity. And then, there are the dainty tassels, the silky flounces, the pretty ribbons and laces, the numerous folderols and furbelows, all designed especially for our bewilderment, as I truly believe, for, so varied and beautiful are the garments made, adorned with these indispensable trifles, one is placed in a veritable quandary as to just *what* to choose.

The "very newest" is the Prince Albert coat with the slashed skirt and silk cord lacings on either side and where the seams usually are. For real refinement of costume, there is nothing comparable with these same Prince Alberts. Made of handsome *voile* or of rough canvas weave, trimmed, say, in gun-metal bottoms, they impart to the wearer that air of "well-groomed" elegance so universally desired yet so difficult of ordinary attainment. The Huntsman coat, however, bids fair to prove a dangerous rival, but its almost severe outlines render it somewhat trying to other than a well-rounded figure. The skirts to both these coats are made in many different styles to conform, with artistic beauty, to the tall or short of stature, the medium or even the rotund. Something to delight the practical business woman is a certain suit made with the yoke effect having strap trimmings which conceal pockets in which one might carry car-fare, a knife, or, in the upper pocket, a watch, or one's *pince-nez*, for instance.

Strikingly handsome are those dark cloth skirts with here and there, round the bottom, a dash of brilliant coloring in some different material, these have corresponding coats, sometimes trimmed in exquisite Persian embroidery and long, satin sash-tie ribbons, likewise finished in handmade embroidery, or again "done" in buttons and tabs, the latter adding the dash of color by means of dainty piping. These are stunning toilettes—gorgeous!

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in shirt-waists are bewilderingly beautiful. Mexican drawn work, methinks, will succeed in rivaling the heavy hand-embroidery, now the prevailing needle-work so profusely adorning the handsomer waists, for the medallion and pin-wheel patterns are of that peculiar quality which is at once elegant and "fetching." Handsome damask table spreads are now being fashioned into most charming waists. Unique? Yes, and something, if I am not much mistaken, that is going to be quite "all the go." Black embroidery on white continues in favor to no little extent, indeed, some of the most exquisitely beautiful waists are finished in those commingling white and black embroideries. Now I don't wish to appear inconsistent, but, really, those French creations in ecru embroidered in black, with the tiny tucks and sheer, dainty airiness about them! Well, I'm sure no one could very severely censure, did I avow each, in turn, to be the *piece de resistance*! It is, as I intimated above, bewildering to see the display. Need I add, the half has not been told? I might continue indefinitely to write of the new tuckings and beadings, of new styles in sleeves and collars, but time and space forbid.

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Combine your money with the money of others. Place the resultant capital where it is in a position to earn money. Big money ought to earn big money. Expect profitable returns.

Arnold & Co. is such an investment firm. It is composed of thousands of subscribers. It handles the money of these investors, and shares its profits. It shares immense profits because by co-operation, it controls more ready money than any other business house west of New York. It handles in a day more money than any bank in St. Louis.

How do Arnold & Co. employ this capital? Do you think they could earn 2 per cent a week in real estate, railroad bonds, or stock manipulation? The money must be placed where it is working all the time. It must be employed in a line where every dollar is given an opportunity to double itself. Arnold & Co. developed such a business. They found the field of speculation on the turf. People unfamiliar with racing do not realize what vast fortunes change hands in the racing game; how many hundreds of thousands of dollars are in daily circulation.

Wherever there is a vast volume of money in circulation, money can be made. Four years ago, realizing the opportunities afforded by the turf for the employment of capital, Arnold & Co. organized their co-operative books and stables. There are any number of book-makers and shrewd bettors on the turf who make a fortune every year. They treble their original investment year in and year out. Arnold & Co. believed that by applying business principles to bookmaking, betting and horse racing, they could get quicker and safer returns on their investment than in any other field of speculation. The money was there; it was simply a question of capital and business experience to get it.

The success of Arnold & Co., a success that is world wide, and recognized most of all by the hundreds of imitation, mushroom concerns that have sprung up, shows that their belief was well founded. To-day Arnold & Co. have subscribers all over the country, handle hundreds of thousands of dollars,

have earned steadily a weekly dividend as large as saving banks pay yearly, have been investigated and sanctioned by Federal and State governments, have never failed to meet an obligation or to make good a promise, and in proof of all this can point to their list of subscribers and share-holders, many of whom have drawn out at least four times the amount of their original capital, and still are drawing two per cent weekly on that investment.

Arnold & Co. thus present an opportunity for investment that is both safe and profitable. Two per cent a week means two dollars a week on every hundred, twenty on every thousand, and a comfortable living income on an investment of \$5,000. Back of their promise to pay this interest, and equally to pay out the original capital in whole or part at any time on demand, stands the record of four years' performance, vast security in the form of real estate, horses, property of all sorts and a banking reserve larger than that carried by any bank in the West. Conservatively managed, it now holds the confidence of the business community, as its list of commercial, bank, and trust company references show. But with even more satisfaction Arnold & Co. refer to their own depositors.

A glance at the methods of the firm will convince any one that the firm is not to be compared with other companies which parade as turf investment concerns, but which are in reality, nothing more nor less than a gamble in which the investors' money is handled without any business discretion. The only asset of many of the other firms is the office furniture. What a difference there is in the case of Arnold & Co. First and foremost comes the big racing stable of the firm, which has grown to such importance that it is attracting National attention, and its methods are being studied by the foremost racing authorities of the country. So big is this stable and of so much class are its performers that it has been divided into two sections, and horses are winning money for this firm at two points, separated by over a thousand miles—San Francisco and New Orleans. Most stables would be satisfied to make a good showing at either of these points, but not so with Arnold & Co. That firm is only satisfied when its horses are among the leading winners at both tracks. That it takes a splendid stable to accomplish such a feat as this goes without saying, but here again Arnold & Co. have proven that nothing is impossible on the turf with unlimited capital. Hardly a day goes by that their horses at both tracks are not returned winners and the firm figures high in the list of winning owners at both. It is only necessary to mention the names of some of the horses now running under the colors of the firm to convince those who follow the turf of the money-earning capacity of the stable. There is the sensational Bessie McCarthy and the speed marvel Ethylene, the latter the medium of some of the best-paying coups the firm has ever pulled off. There is Maximus, one of the fastest horses ever seen in the

West. There is Peaceful, Fort Wayne, Will Shelly, Mary McCafferty, Ben Lear, Beana, Stranger and fully a dozen more and all of the caliber to come home in front.

But we have nearly overlooked the star of the stable, Gold Heels, winner of a Brooklyn and a Suburban in one year, the most wonderful feat of the present day in racing. Only in the last week Gold Heels was again examined by a veterinary surgeon to ascertain how he had stood the ordeal of firing, and when the latter was through he was outspoken in his opinion that the great stallion would be as good as ever this year. What this horse can win for the firm is more than enough to pay the dividends of the company for a good many days, even though the latter figure into amounts which would startle even some of the banks. Eligible for some of the richest events in the country there is no apparent reason why Gold Heels should not be returned a winner in the blue ribbon stake events of the turf. He is a better horse to-day than ever before, and his courage, stamina and speed have never been questioned. With a year's rest it would be hard to pick a horse in the country with brighter prospects.

When Arnold & Co. started out to build up their stable they realized that even the finest stable in the world would be of little use were it not in charge of a capable trainer, and did not have jockeys of the first caliber. The first problem was successfully solved when Tom Kiely was secured as trainer, and his marvelous success with the stable has attracted universal attention. Not a better man lives to-day to get a horse on edge for a special race, and Arnold & Co. have pulled off their many coups through their confidence in his reliability. When it comes to jockeys, the Arnold stables is one of the most fortunate in the country. First comes Tommy Burns, who is at present riding on the Coast. Burns is costing the firm a small fortune, but he is worth every cent of what he is getting. Burns gets his mounts in front, and that is what Arnold & Co. want. They have the capital to make his salary back in a single day. Then there is Battiste. The latter was the best jockey in St. Louis last season, and his work at New Orleans has placed him in the lead there. That he gains pounds for every horse he rides any handicapper following the New Orleans races has long ago found out. With two such jockeys as Burns and Battiste the stable has every advantage over nine out of ten horses against which it races.

Passing by the stable, of which enough has already been said to convince any one that it is a money-making proposition, we come to the pool room at Hot Springs. Right in the city where there is the largest play in the country during the off season the latter is placed so as to get the firm's share of the money. That is all that is asked. The natural odds in favor of every book are sure to win, but when these are backed up by the superior knowledge gained through the possession of a stable, the chances of winning are much enhanced. Not only does the pool room give an opportunity to get the money from outsiders,

but it gives the firm superior advantages in placing its own as well. It is turning big money into the treasury of the company right along and is the best revenue producer in the country.

As a third source of income the firm has a breeding farm over in Illinois, worth a good many thousand dollars, and which will eventually prove very valuable, and one which can be relied upon year in and year out. With the best mares that can be bought in this country or in England as matrons, and one of the greatest stallions in the world, the produce of the farm cannot fail to bring fancy prices. The racing string of the firm is being drawn on for more breeding material right along, and this is proving one of the most paying ventures the firm has entered. If a mare should in any way become injured or break down while being raced she is sent to the stud, provided her career on the turf and her breeding justify this course. Other stables not possessing breeding farms are forced to sell such animals for what they will bring.

Looking over the important sources of revenue the firm possesses the dividends promised are not at all out of proportion, and the proposition made could not be fairer or more open. The contract is a plain business one. You can deposit money with the firm in amounts of \$50, and a certificate for the amount deposited is given in return. In this the firm agrees to give you 2 per cent per week as long as the capital remains with them. If you desire to withdraw the latter at any time you can do so on demand. Not even a formal notice of so many days or hours is demanded, but the money is yours at any time the certificate is surrendered at the office of the company. That looks like a good business proposition and that it is, is testified to by the thousands of patrons the firm has had since it came into existence. Not one has ever had cause for complaint.

The offices where the firm conducts its business are in the Benoist building, and they are well worth a visit. A firm of the size of Arnold & Co. hires hundreds of employes and the office force of the company is a small army. The offices are the most elegantly furnished of any concern in the country and they compare with any of the solid financial companies of St. Louis. The portion where the main business of the firm is carried on resembles a bank more than anything else and here is handled more money each day than many a bank can boast of. Like a well-regulated financial institution there is a system in everything, and money, checks, letters and other matters all have their proper department and are handled in a systematic way. The farm, the racing stables and the pool room at Hot Springs are all managed from this point and each has a department of its own. Over the whole the members of the firm keep a careful supervision. The impression gained from a careful inspection of the firm and its methods is that it is built to stay. That it is established on a solid foundation is amply shown by the history of the firm in the past and its methods of business are such as to instill confidence in its stability in the future.

THE STOCK MARKET

The Wall street syndicates are making heroic efforts to revive speculation. They have become uneasy over the persistently unresponsive attitude on the part of the public. The hopes that were entertained, a few weeks ago, in regard to a new strong upward movement, appear to have vanished altogether, judging by the pessimistic expressions heard on all sides. However, there is as yet no ground to believe that the syndicates have given up the fight for good. They are still in the ring; despair has not quite overcome their determination to force prices to a higher level again and to get rid of their heavy loads of stocks and bonds.

The late, sudden depression in the call money rates must be held to be one of the best symptoms tending to demonstrate that the bull manipulators continue to use every means to infuse new life into the speculative situation. Through their close connections with banks and trust companies, it is a comparatively easy matter for them to rig rates, and to bring about a, temporarily, promising condition of the money market. At the present writing, it is evidently intended to create the impression that all danger of a renewal of monetary squeezes has vanished, and that, henceforward, would-be buyers of securities need not worry about a possible recurrence of 10 or 20 per cent interest rates on call loans.

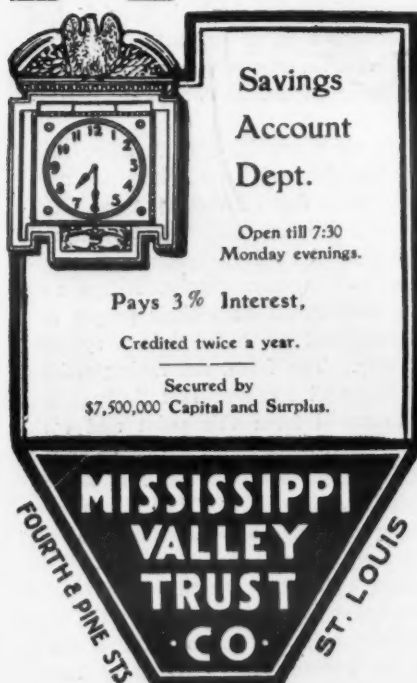
A few days ago, papers reported that millions of dollars were being loaned in Wall street at 3 and 3½ per cent, and that the rate was expected to be down to 2 per cent within a few weeks. There must undoubtedly be something wrong about this. If permanently easier money rates have been re-established, why is it that the Pennsylvania Railway Company was unable to sell bonds on a less than 4½ per cent basis, and why is it that the bids lately submitted for New York City bonds were markedly below those of two years ago? If there is such an unusual plethora of money in this country, why do leading financiers consider it their duty to manipulate foreign exchange and to keep it from going up to the gold-exporting point?

Nay, nay, Pauline! We still refuse to believe that legitimate conditions warrant the hope that money-borrowers are once more on "easy street." True, the Associated Banks are in a fairly comfortable position at the present time, despite the fact that surplus reserves still are below the normal level for this time of the year, but it must be borne in mind that this is always a period of comparative affluence, to be followed by a period of famine later on. The money market is still confronted with the danger of gold exports. Sterling exchange is only a few points below the level at which gold shipments may be made at a profit. And, then, it is practically certain that the Panama Canal payments will prove quite a strain upon the exchange market. The recent order of the Secretary of the Treasury, calling for a substitution of government for State and municipal bonds, is also deserving of attention as bearing upon the future course of money rates.

Cheap money is generally considered the basis for a good bull movement, but cheap money alone will not bring about higher prices. Something else is needed, and that is public buying and public confidence. As long as the public abstains from "loading up," and from sanctioning the manipulative efforts of promoters and syndicates, it is useless to point out the attractions of cheap money. During the last six months, outsiders have done a good deal of thinking. While they know that the country is prosperous; that bank clearances are large, and railroad earnings all that could be desired, they have their doubts regarding the advisability of buying stocks at the present level of quotations. They prefer to await a practical demonstration of the benefits of "community of interest" operations, of the much-talked-of economic savings incident to consolidations in the railroad and industrial world. As long as nothing is proved; as long as it all remains in the theoretic stage, as long as the multifarious combines are still more of an experiment than anything else, it is idle to talk about the safety of investing in untried securities, and at prices that are so much at variance with conditions in the money market.

The late increase in the dividend rate on Pressed Steel Car common has not led to any increase in the demand for the shares. The reason for this is obvious. The current price is materially above that of a year ago, discounts, in fact, the increase in the dividend rate and all the talk of still larger earnings. Compared with United States Steel common, Pressed Steel common is not much of a bargain, although it may be considered of decidedly more intrinsic merit than the former. All industrial companies are piling up big earnings at the present time, but it is very uncertain how long they will continue to do so. If present earnings and dividends can be maintained even during lean years, then investors will, undoubtedly, be more eager to purchase their shares even at prices higher than those now current.

The consolidation rumors, which played such a prominent part in causing the early January rise in prices, have, apparently, lost their effect. Well-informed people express the belief that



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they were grossly exaggerated, inasmuch as it is not the purpose of Wall street magnates at the present time to institute radical and sensational proceedings. The attitude of the National government and of Congress towards consolidation and trusts is not liked very much in capitalistic quarters. There is a suspicion that President Roosevelt cannot be relied upon, and that Attorney General Knox may be sincere after all in his crusade to enforce the Sherman anti-trust law. It is to the interest of Morgan and his circle of promoting syndicates to maintain the *status quo*, and to make no further advances along lines that have, unquestionably, aroused a great deal of class prejudice and ill-will. It is often said that the financial leaders are in control of politics. To a certain extent, this is true. But it is not true that either State or National Legislatures dare to defy the will of the majority of the people for any length of time. This is still a republican form of government, and as long as it remains so, the people, and not a coterie of politicians or financiers, will shape legislation and superintend the enforcement of the law.

The speculative fraternity will do well in sailing close to the wind, and in refraining from taking daily reports from Wall street at face value. Conditions are complicated; "pools" are troubled; money markets are doctored; prices are high, and somebody is making desperate efforts to "pull out" of a bad hole.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Local bulls are in rather bad humor. Their late efforts to rally prices have proved unavailing. Every time they managed to lift prices a few fractions, scattered liquidation made its appearance and induced a reaction to the previous low level. Transactions were, at times, fairly large, but it could not be said that there was any enthusiasm. The bull manipulations had a perfunctory appearance; they lacked what is so vitally essential—confidence. While there is no doubt about the prosperity of St. Louis corporations, there is some doubt about the legitimacy of the range of prices prevailing for some of the listed issues.

Early in the week, somebody, at the most convenient time, sent a report from far-off Montana that the Granite-Bimetallic had struck "pay dirt" again. As a result of this fake news, the price rallied about 15 cents a share, but promptly receded again under a veritable avalanche of offerings from worn-out holders. The stuff is now selling at 1.10.

St. Louis Transit has dropped back to 27; United Railways preferred is weak at 80½. All week, brokers say, there has been a steady outpouring of stock in small amounts. The 4 per cent bonds are heavy at 84½.

Missouri Trust, after dropping to 126, has rallied again to 128. Mercantile Trust is strong and selling at 410. Mississippi Valley is in quiet demand at 470. Mechanics' National is selling at 290; South Side Bank at 148; Lincoln Trust at 264; American Central at 173; State National at 199. For Bank of Commerce 286½ is bid, and for Third National 340. Colonial Trust is offered at 201.

Missouri-Edison is quoted at 45 bid, 46 asked for the preferred and at 18¾ for the common. For Laclede common 88 is asked. Central Coke is selling at 66½.

St. Louis 3.65s are quoted at 99¾ bid, 100 asked. For Missouri-Edison 5s 90¼ is bid, and for Brewing Association 6s 93¼.

Money is a little easier and quoted at 6 per cent. Clearances are a trifle smaller. Sterling exchange is steady at 4.87. Drafts on New York are still at a premium.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

S. S. J., Troy, Mo.—Cannot advise purchases of New York Central at present. Would hang on to Car preferred. The stock is "tipped" for 100.

Lambert.—Think more of Edison 5s than others mentioned. Laclede common is speculative, but seems to be worth current quotations. Don't see any reason why you should be in a hurry to sell your Missouri Trust.

T. E. W., Lexington, Ky.—Keep out of L. & N., also Evansville & Terre Haute. Canadian Pacific is too high. Take profits on Brunswick; you have held it long enough, I should think.

"Lobster."—Atchison preferred is not attractive as a speculation. The common may be worth as much as Union Pacific common, as you say, but I seriously doubt it. Would not advise you to increase holdings.

Smythe, Carlinville, Ill.—Defaware & Hudson is no margin stock for you. The Detroit, M. & M. bonds have had too much of a rise to be any longer a tempting proposition. Have heard the same rumor regarding Kansas & T. common. Don't be in a hurry to act upon it, however.

L. U. R.—Locomotive common looks cheap, but that is not a very cogent reason why one should buy it at this time. If you like that sort of stock, would recommend investing in the preferred.

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4

TRAINS
TO
CHICAGO

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7:15 A.M.
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SUPERIOR EQUIPMENT

"THE ONLY WAY"

ROCK BALLAST.
NO DUST

CHICAGO & ALTON

X, Y. Z.—Do not think that it is a good purchase, although there is plenty of bull talk on it. Watch the rest of the market and guide yourself accordingly. If I were you, I would continue hanging on to my cash.

A distinguished cavalry leader was once at a dinner party, to which he had been invited as the guest of honor. Beside him was a loquacious widow, with hair of raven black, who rudely interrupted the conversation by asking the warrior why it was that his beard was still black while his hair was turning gray.

With great politeness the old soldier turned toward her.

"I fear I cannot give you a satisfactory answer," said he, "unless, possibly, the reason is that I have used my brain a little more than I have my jaw."—*San Francisco Star*.



AN ACCIDENT

"Did you hear of Charlie's automobile accident?"

"No; did he have one?"

"Yes; he took his friend's wife out in his Panhard and met her husband by accident in the Park."—*New Yorker*.



OUR ANNUAL Snow-Capped Mountain Sale


Began this week, and bears with it the genuine ring of truthful advertising!! This sale will be found to be what it professes to be, an immense letting out, at nominal prices, of fresh stocks of new goods just opened up during the past week, and which in quantity and quality easily overshadow the stocks of any three stores in the city put together!! Our show windows and our wholesale and forward stocks are ample evidences of the fact!! This is one of our methods of introducing this great store of ours to a discerning and discriminating public. Knowing there is no advertising to equal

the one of giving the public the best goods made for the least money; goods that, if placed in every home in St. Louis, will be a joy and comfort to the buyer and a builder up of and a just pride to the seller!! We look for the esteemed patronage of every family in the city of St. Louis, being fully convinced that it will be very much to its advantage.



Umbrella Skirt, deep linen flounce, two rows of torchon insertion and deep lace ruffle—worth \$1.35—now.....87c

Umbrella Skirts, good muslin, 14-inch flounce, edged with Hamburg embroidery—worth 85c—now.....55c

Good Muslin Skirt (like cut ) , umbrella flounce, two rows of lace, edge to match, cambric foot ruffle—worth \$1.25—now.....73c

Cambric Skirt, double flounce, with lace insertions, clusters of tucks and lace edge, very elaborate and most durable—worth \$2.25—now.....\$1.50

A very fine Cambric Skirt, 20-inch flounce, trimmed with imitation Duchess lace insertion and edge—worth \$2.75—now.....\$1.98



A very dainty cover, with two rows of lace insertion and edge, with ribbon blouse front, French back—a \$1.00 cover for.....75c

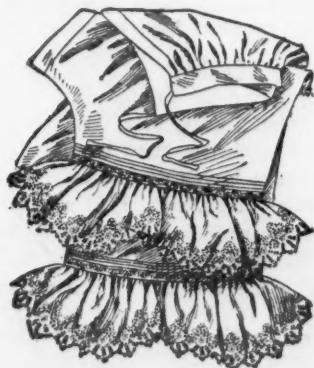
Plain Corset Covers, full front, French back, drawstring at waist, nice material—35c garment for.....19c

Cambric Covers, low cut, French style, neck trimmed back and front, with deep torchon lace and silk ribbon—50c—now.....39c

Muslin Gowns, Hubbard yoke, with two rows of lace insertion and cluster of five tucks, lace edge on neck and sleeves—75c gown for.....50c

Nainsook Gown, with beautiful embroidery, yoke with fine tucks and insertion, made extra wide—a \$3.00 gown for.....\$2.25

Chemise Gown of fine nainsook, neck trimmed with lace insertion and edge, wash ribbon, extra full and wide—a \$1.35 gown for.....89c



Nainsook Corset Cover, like cut, with duchess lace and insertion, lace ruffle on armholes—a \$1.75 cover for....\$1.25

A cambric Cover, front with lace insertions and lace on armholes and neck, a variety of styles, all sizes—a 75c garment for.....45c

A very dainty Empire Gown, entire yoke of embroidered insertion and hemstitched tucks, full length and width—a \$1.75 gown for.....\$1.35

Chemise Gown of fine nainsook, yoke with 10 rows of fish-eye lace and fine tucks, elbow sleeves, with deep ruffle edged with lace—\$2.25 gown for...\$1.75

Muslin Gown, Empire style, embroidery and ribbon trimming—\$1.35 gown for.....98c

Good Muslin Drawers, with deep Hamburg ruffle—50c drawers for.....35c

Cambric Drawers, with double hemstitched ruffle, best garment ever sold for.....25c

Cambric Drawers, umbrella ruffle, with torchon insertion and edge—65c drawers for.....45c

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Chemises from....\$4.50 to \$12.50

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Bridal Sets, from \$5.95 to \$18.50



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\$200 earns \$208 a year.

\$500 earns \$520 a year.

\$1,000 earns \$1,040 a year.

\$2,000 earns \$2,080 a year.

\$5,000 earns \$5,200 a year.

And, furthermore, they can do it safely.

The United States authorities have thoroughly examined the business of Arnold & Co., and the result of their close scrutiny is that the business of the company meets the Federal laws as fully as any other business enterprise, as much so as a bank or trust company or a great wholesale house.

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The racing stable of the Arnold Company is headed by Gold Heels, the champion thoroughbred of 1902. Gold Heels captured both the Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps and was the leading breadwinner of the McLewee stable. Gold Heels and his stable companion, Major Daingerfield, won over \$75,000 on the Metropolitan tracks last season. Mr. Arnold paid a big price for Gold Heels, and will use the magnificent son of The Bard and Heel and Toe in the stud should he fail to race next year. Gold Heels is now at the Arnold farm near Greenville, Ill., where he will be turned out until next spring. Dr. W. H. Rexford, the eminent veterinarian, who came all the way from New Orleans to "fire" the great horse, is positive that Gold Heels will stand training again next season, and prove fully as useful a performer as he was this year. Besides Gold Heels, the Arnold firm owns Fitzbrillar, the crack son of Fitzjames—Brillar, admittedly the best 2-year-old developed on the Western circuit this season. Fitzbrillar won a valuable juvenile stake the last time he started at Worth this fall from a field of the best 2-year-olds in training at Chicago. Other useful 2-year-olds in the Arnold stable are Fort Wayne, who showed such brilliant form at Delmar and the Fair Grounds this fall; Wolfram, a frequent winner at Delmar, and Ben Lear another regular winner at Delmar.

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